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The Week

PRIME Minister MacDonald was cautious in his radio address to the United States on the subject of the London naval conference. His only reference to the all-important question of a security pact such as France asks, was a single sentence toward the close. "Some of us," he said, "will strive to secure as an essential part of the agreement a pledge of good will and pacific intentions similar to that made by the President and myself after we had convinced ourselves that a naval agreement was possible." From Washington it is suggested that such a pledge of pacific intentions might be included in the preamble to the naval treaty, and that President Hoover "would not object" to it. It is hard to see how he could; such a pledge would be even milder than the Kellogg Pact, and it is impossible to suppose that it would be regarded by France as the agreement to confer which she is asking.

THAT agreement ought to be given, not because France asks it and is holding up the conference until she gets it, but because it is an inevitable and desirable corollary of the Kellogg Pact, because it pledges only the action which the United States is certain to take in any case, and because it is the irreductible minimum of the coöperation which America owes to the prevention of war. Several members of the American delegation favor it; there is no reason to believe that President Hoover himself is opposed to it, but he hesitates to approve it for fear of the Senate irreconcilables. We do not believe his fear is well founded; we think that a bold and vigorous course on his part would be followed by such an uprising of American public opinion in his support that the Senate would not dare to withstand it. But even if the Senate balked the plan, it would be better for the President to support it, and put the responsibility on the irreconcilables, than for him to do nothing, and have the blame for the failure on his own shoulders.

TWO statements were made in London last week on behalf of the United States. The first was given in the course of an informal discussion with reporters, the second was made by Secretary Stimson in writing. The occasion for the earlier declaration was the appeal by 1,200 Americans for reduction as well as limitation, to which a hasty and irritated reply was made that there is no longer any hope of both parity and reduction—that if we want to equal Great Britain's fleet, we must build. But forty-eight hours later, Mr. Stimson had changed his mind about this. He announced that the conference will produce a saving of 200,000 tons in the American fleet, including vessels "built, building or appropriated for." In making this estimate, he visualized the size of the navy "five or six years hence," if the London conference had not been held. He also, as critics were quick to point out, listed in the present tonnage ships so old that they are no longer of any strategic importance, including one built in 1890, which was Admiral Sampson's flagship during the Spanish-American War. It is only by accident that these ancient vessels have not been scrapped long ago. If these ships be excluded from the calculation, as they ought to be, and if the American navy today be compared with that which now seems likely to result from the London conference, it will be found that there is no decrease but

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in all probability, a substantial increase. Such a development is a thousand miles away from what we were promised when Hoover and McDonald met on the Rapidan. The New Republic refuses to believe that it is the best which firm, courageous statesmanship could obtain.

IT IS undoubtedly true that there has been much loose talk about naval reduction which has failed to look at the problem in terms of the various kinds of ships which are involved. On the other hand, Mr. Stimson's first statement last week ignored everything but cruisers, which is certainly an unrealistic view of the situation. There are ample opportunities for reduction in battleships, aircraft carriers, destroyers and submarines, which would make possible a total tonnage smaller than at present even if the United States insisted on building every cruiser permitted under its parity agreement with Great Britain—which would be a needless and undesirable action. Some of the possibilities for reduction in other categories were listed recently by Dr. R. L. Buell, Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association.

> Under the Washington treaty the United States is expected to build ten new battleships before 1936. If these are now postponed, it means a saving for the time being of $400,000,000.
>
> If the battleship fleets should be reduced from eighteen and twenty to twelve, the saving in cost of maintenance during the next six years would be $72,000,000.
>
> If aircraft carriers were reduced in tonnage from 135,000 to 100,000, the saving would be about $50,000,000.
>
> If the destroyer tonnage were reduced to 200,000, and if the theoretical length of life were increased from sixteen to twenty years, the saving during the next six years would be half a billion dollars. (If the tonnage were made 150,000, the savings would of course be proportionately greater.)

Even if we find it necessary to build new cruisers to the value of $275,000,000, as is now contemplated, the savings listed above would result in a cut of three-quarters of a billion dollars. The British would certainly agree to all of them, unless France insists on her inflated "Tardieu program" of 750,000 tons; and France, it is well known, will reduce her demands if the United States agrees to consult with the other signatories of the Kellogg Pact in case of emergency. Surely, never since Wilson went to Paris in 1919 has there been such an opportunity for a great stroke of constructive statesmanship as confronts President Hoover at this moment.

THE great world-wide demonstration against unemployment, in which Communists in many countries were undoubtedly ordered by Moscow to participate, turned out to be a rather futile affair. Two men were killed in Germany, and heads were broken in struggles between police and demonstrators in a good many other places, in Europe and America. On this side of the water, the worst scenes were witnessed in New York. Several days in advance, Mayor Walker had issued a statement outlining a liberal policy as to public oratory by the Communists, and for several hours of a huge public meeting in Union Square, the police stood by while the radical orators uttered their indictment of capitalist civilization. The leaders of the Communists, however, were not content with this. They gave every indication of wanting to provoke the police into violence against them of a kind which, when cabled to Russia, would make the right sort of headlines in the press there. Accordingly they refused an offer to let a small group of the leaders themselves be escorted to the City Hall to see Mayor Walker, and insisted on ordering a parade (in which they did not personally participate) down Broadway.

THE sensible thing would have been for the police to let them do this, and for Mayor Walker to receive them when they reached the City Hall. This was done in at least one other American city that day—San Francisco—and it left the Communists in the very unhappy state of being without a grievance. But Mr. Whalen, the New York Police Commissioner, has no conception of how to handle radicals. When the parade started, he turned his men loose and they acted with the indecent savagery which, unfortunately, has come to be expected of them under these circumstances. How badly they behaved has been set forth in detail by numerous reporters for newspapers, and by Francis Rufus Bellamy, editor of The Outlook; it is indicated by the fact that the talking movies made of the scene have been suppressed by the authorities. By acting as they did, the police, of course, played into the Communists' hands. The whole affair reflects as little credit on one side as on the other.

POLICE Commissioner Whalen, aided by the Merchants' Association of New York, is doing his best to resuscitate the "Red hysteria" of a decade ago. His secret agents, fraternizing with the Communists, have obtained lists of the party's members, with the names of their employers, and Mr. Whalen, charging that the Communists, in some manner which he does not describe, are "undermining" the organizations where they are employed, is asking the managers of these companies to dismiss them. He also announces his intention of having Communist children expelled from the schools which they, too, are "undermining"—though how he proposes to do this in view of the compulsory school-attendance law, he neglects to state. Everybody knows that the Communists are unimportant in numbers and influence; no sane person supposes that there is the remotest chance of a violent revolution in the United States. Mr.

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Whalen's tactics of persecution will do far more for the Communists than their own efforts ever could. Mr. Whalen, no doubt remembering Mr. Coolidge and the Boston police strike, is presumably seeking to advance his own political fortunes by striking these heroic attitudes in the limelight. We do not believe that he will get anywhere with his campaign, and it would certainly be outrageous if he should.

THE administration still attempts to reassure us on unemployment by distorting the information at hand. It states that although it is not known how many unemployed there are, the total volume of unemployment is not more than a half or a third as much as in 1921. How does it know? Where is the evidence? It states that employment is now normal in thirty-six states and distress exists in only twelve states. Presumably these twelve are the industrial states where the crises are always felt and where industrial unemployment always arises. These twelve states contain almost three-quarters of the manufacturing population. The administration prophesies that in two months conditions will be normal. It may be right, but again, how does it know? And in response to a widespread plea for emergency help for the unemployed, Secretary Davis repeats the ancient saw that what the unemployed want is not doles, but jobs. Indeed they do want jobs, but in the meantime they would doubtless be glad to eat. Until Mr. Davis learns how to keep them in jobs—in other words, to prevent unemployment— he has no right to adopt this grand tone against doles, and in particular against that measure often miscalled by the name of dole—insurance against this great and recurring hazard of industrial society.

MR. HOOVER'S special commission to Haiti arrived in time to nip in the bud a very pretty little plot. The term of President Borno is about to expire; and for very good reasons, it seemed desirable to those behind him to set up some other puppet in his place. What was proposed, therefore, was that his successor should be selected by the Council of State, whose members were chosen by Borno himself, and constitute one of the most precious sets of rubber stamps ever assembled in this hemisphere. Such a procedure would have been highly satisfactory to President Borno and to the American occupation, whose mouthpiece he is, but apparently nobody else in Haiti was pleased by the notion. In fact, one witness after another, appearing before the Hoover commission, told its members that an armed uprising would follow if the scheme were carried out. Instead, therefore, a temporary president, satisfactory to the anti-occupationists, is to be selected to succeed Borno. He will supervise a genuine election of members to the long-suppressed Haitian national legislature, and the first act of this body when it convenes will be to elect a new president. Thus an important measure of self-government will be restored to the Haitians for the first time in a decade and a half. It is also promised that the office of American High Commissioner which has in the past meant American Dictator, will be abolished, and a civilian American Minister be sent instead—for the purpose, we assume, of fulfilling President Hoover's pledge and ending the occupation by 1936. That the President's representatives in Haiti mean business is indicated by the vigorous way in which they acted to suppress a coup d' etat by Borno in defiance of their plan. They let it be known that the United States would not tolerate any procedure tending to keep him in power, and while the danger of such a development is not yet entirely over, it now seems unlikely that it will take place.

ONE more chapter has been added to North Carolina's tragic story. The trial of five textile mill men on the charge of killing Mrs. Ella May Wiggin, one of the strikers, has ended in a verdict of "not guilty as to all defendants on all counts." The prosecution was conducted with more vigor than in other cases against the mill operators, thanks to the action of Governor Gardner in assigning Attorney-General Brummitt to conduct the case; but there is still the best of reason to believe that the jury came to its decision, not on the facts but largely on its antipathy for the Communism of Mrs. Wiggin and her comrades. The New York Times's report of the trial states that "Judge Clement kept out most references to Communism during presentation of evidence, but in the speeches to the jury it was interjected in such volume that the Attorney General protested that the defense was seeking acquittal on extraneous matter." Certainly the evidence against the men accused of killing Mrs. Wiggin was as strong or stronger than that against the group of union men who were tried for the murder of Chief of Police Aderholt of Gastonia, who were found guilty and given long prison sentences. North Carolina's record is still 100 percent; in every case where mill workers or strike organizers were the defendants, they have been found guilty. In every case where mill operators and their friends were the defendants, they have been acquitted. The Communists charged from the beginning that what was in progress in North Carolina was class war; the prosecutors—and, to some extent, the juries—have done their best to prove the Communists right.

IF THE success story is still the formula dearest to the American heart, the life of William Howard Taft should have been a pleasing one in a double sense, for he had two careers. He rose by successive stages of a life mainly spent as government administrator, to be President of the United States; and then, by being about as conservative as Calvin Coolidge, at a time when conservatism was less popular than it was from 1923 to 1928, he sank in the poular esteem until, running against Roose-

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velt and Wilson in 1912, he received the smallest number of votes in the Electoral College ever recorded for the candidate of one of the major parties. No one would have ventured to predict that eighteen years later he would stand high in the affection of the American people. It was not so much that Taft changed during these eighteen years, for he did not. It was partially that the United States reverted, after the war, to a frame of mind of which his own temperament was a better expression than before; and partially that, when he was once out of the presidency where his conservatism was an important matter to the whole country, it became possible to appraise at their true value his good humor, utter honesty and indefatigable devotion to his tasks.

Can the Utilities Be Controlled?

OVER a year ago Governor Roosevelt, pointing out the failures of public-utility regulation in New York state, asked for a commission to investigate the whole question. The legislature, controlled by a Republican majority whose leaders had been closely affiliated with the utility interests, was forced by public opinion and political expediency to create such a commission. A majority of its members was appointed by the legislature, and a minority by the Governor. The fact that even the report of the majority recommends many measures to strengthen and extend the work of the old Public Service Commission is impressive evidence that the investigation confirmed the Governor's judgment that regulation was in a bad way. Other states will watch carefully what is done in New York, since in the case of most utilities the principal task of regulation must still fall on the states rather than on the federal government.

Indeed, the majority and minority reports are in substantial agreement as to most of the recommendations. They both want the Public Service Commission to have control over holding companies and other affiliated concerns as well as over operating companies. They both want an increased staff and higher pay for the regulating officers. They both want to create a special counsel to represent the public interest in proceedings before the Commission. They are agreed on other details. But in one field—the most important of all—they disagree. This is the question of exactly how we shall proceed to limit the earnings of these quasi-public monopolies, in the interest of the consumer.

It is clear, and is admitted by all sides of the controversy, that the method of fixing a "fair valuation" of the utility properties on which a "reasonable return" is to be allowed is in an extremely chaotic state. We have the conflicting theories of fixing value according to the original cost of the properties, or according to their reproduction cost at present, or according to some combination of these and "other relevant factors." Valuations fixed by commissions are contested by the utilities. The court decisions are neither clear nor consistent. There is disagreement even among the estimates of engineers who are trying to apply the same principles to a given property. The companies are always trying to boost their valuations in order to earn a larger return, and frequently succeed in doing so. When prices have been rising, and hence the cost of reproduction would yield a higher value than the original cost, they stress cost of reproduction. If prices should fall, they would doubtless bring to the front some other "principle" to bolster their "values."

The school of regulation represented by the minority on the investigating Commission believes that prudent investment should be the guiding principle of valuation. This is substantially the original cost theory—that is, that utilities should be allowed to earn a reasonable return only on the money they actually put into their properties—provided it is prudently, not wastefully, expended. As a matter of fact, the utilities have been earning much more than this, with the support of the courts, in many cases. If, therefore, we should now apply the valuations which the prudent investment theory would dictate, there would be a considerable shrinkage in the value of the existing properties. It is highly probable that the courts would rule that this was confiscating private property "without due process of law," and hence unconstitutional. But, argues the minority, even if we cannot apply this principle to existing property, we can apply it to future investments. If an investor in utility stocks knows when he purchases his shares that it is a law of the state that he is not to be allowed more than a reasonable return on what he actually puts in, he will have no right to complain of confiscation in case he never receives more than this. The minority therefore proposes a plan worked out mainly by Professors Bauer and Bonbright. Let the Commission make a valuation of all existing utility properties, taking into consideration all the factors specified by the courts as proper to consider. Then let the law say that this value is to be final except for future additions or subtractions. And let the utilities in the future be permitted to earn a reasonable return only on the value as now fixed, plus the actual, prudent cost of any additions to their physical properties.

The majority was enough impressed by this argument to go part way with the minority. It agrees that valuations of all the utility properties in the state should now be made, taking into consideration all the relevant factors. But instead of attempting to force the utilities to accept these valuations, the majority would invite the companies to negotiate contracts with the state, fixing the valuations to be used in rate regulation—as an alternative to exercising the right to appeal to the courts against the Commission's decisions. And the contracts, according to this proposal, would extend for only ten

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years. During the period of the contracts, additions to the properties would be valued according to the prudent investment principle. But at the end of that time, the whole issue would be thrown on the table again for the determination of new valuations.

The argument which the majority presents for the contract proposal is a queer one. It amounts, in effect, to saying that it is a constitutional right of the utility owner to benefit from any adventitious increase in the value of his property, as well as to suffer from any decrease. According to this reasoning, neither he nor the state can abrogate this right in perpetuity. All that can be done is to induce him to make a contract to ignore it for a limited period. The majority does not believe that the public and monopolistic character of the utilities limits the right of the owner in this respect. The majority also argues that the minority plan would interfere with the future right of the state to regulate utility rates. How the state can possibly deprive itself of a right by its own legislation is not made plain.

It is clear that the practical result of the majority plan would be to offer a great deal of scope to the ingenuity of the utilities in boosting their valuations both now and at the expiration of the ten-year contracts.

One important innovation is suggested by both reports. In figuring the amount of the reasonable return, the Commission would not in the future simply allow a flat 8 percent, for instance, on the total value of the property. It would first discover how much in the way of net earnings would be necessary to permit the payment of the interest on the bonds and similar obligations. It would then allow enough additional return to pay 8 percent on the stock. This would prevent the present enormous gains sometimes accruing to stockholders, due to the fact that the percentage of return is now figured at the same rate for that part of the property represented by bonds receiving a fixed and comparatively low rate of interest as on that part represented by the stock itself.

The worst feature of the majority report is that it rejects almost without comment a proposal of the minority which is really fundamental to the whole issue. The minority recognizes that private ownership of utilities is on trial, and that in so far as it fails, public ownership will have to be called in. In spite of the increased rigor of regulation which it recommends, the utilities may still charge too much, in the opinion of the public. The public therefore ought to have the utmost freedom to enter into competition with the private concerns. The competition of public ownership, both actual and potential, is probably the only force that can be relied upon to keep the utilities within bounds in the long run. The furnishing of services like water, gas, electricity and communication, which must for efficiency be monopolized in a given area, is basically a public function. The only good reason we can have for allowing private enterprise to engage in it is a belief that private enterprise can do the work better and cheaper. But there are many reasons for thinking that, judged by the recent performances of the utilities, this belief is mistaken. Yet the path of public ownership is beset by legal obstacles which should be removed. Municipalities should be allowed to set up and extend their own plants without special acts of the legislature. They should not be required to buy existing private plants in going into business for themselves, if the prices set on these private plants are too high. They should be allowed to associate with each other, as in Ontario, to create power systems. Recommendations of the minority that these measures be facilitated are dismissed by the majority.

We submit that no system of regulation of privately owned utilities can survive, or ought to survive, which cannot withstand the competition of public ownership. To permit the latter would be a supreme test of the good faith of the majority recommendations. If the majority sincerely believes that regulation, practised as it recommends, can really serve the consumer better than public ownership, it ought to be willing to allow the test of public competition. But if the interpretations which the courts have placed on the Constitution really deny any difference between the rights of a private owner of a monopolistic public utility and the rights of the owner of a speculative, competitive business, we might as well turn to public ownership at once. The basic issue is between utility owners and promoters on the one hand, who want virtually unlimited monopoly profits, and the consumers on the other, who are entitled to service at as low a cost as their governments could provide it for them. We hope this issue will be made clear, and that in the controversy which the report is certain to arouse, the recommendations of the minority with respect to public ownership will receive primary consideration.

American Torquemadas

LEGALLY, torture for the punishment of crime or the procuring of confessions has been extinct in the United States and Great Britain for at least two centuries, and in other civilized countries for more than a century. Actually, as everyone suspects and as an editorial article in The Harvard Law Review for February pretty conclusively demonstrates, it is still a common practice in the police systems of our own country. The chief differences between the modern variety and that which was employed in olden times are that torture now has no standing in law, that care is ordinarily taken not to leave marks which might convict the torturers, and that a new name has been given to an old abuse. But that the "third degree" is torture and that the motives behind it are no different from those which animated the police of Queen Elizabeth or le Roi Soleil cannot be questioned.

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The editors of The Harvard Law Review present their case dryly and succinctly, with voluminous references. The decisions which they cite come from twenty-nine states and from five federal circuits. "When it is remembered," they point out, "that with few exceptions none of the cases in which the trial court has excluded the confession, and none of the cases in which the prosecution has refrained from offering confessions because of their obvious inadmissibility, can reach courts of appeal, one is driven to the conclusion that the third degree is employed as a matter of course in most states, and has become a recognized step in the process that begins with arrest and ends with acquittal or final affirmance. In sharp contrast is the practice in England, where not one case showing evidence of third-degree methods has been found in the past twenty years." One may qualify somewhat the first part of this statement. The third degree is employed as a matter of course when the defendant is himself poor and friendless or belongs to a poor and friendless group or race. It is never by any chance employed where his influence or his wealth gives him a chance to retaliate. It is the weapon of stupidity and cowardice.

The methods used vary according to local conditions. A Texas Negro was whipped by the sheriff "until almost unconscious." The warden of an Arkansas penitentiary, to which a prisoner not yet convicted had been sent for safekeeping, whipped him "over a period of six or eight days until he confessed." In New York state a chief of police showed unusual consideration by wearing a boxing glove when he "interviewed" a prisoner alone. Rubber hose is popular because it inflicts injuries without breaking the skin. In Louisiana "defendants were blindfolded, ropes put around their necks, and severe punishment inflicted for five hours." In Arkansas an electric chair was used. Beating is a frequent, almost an undenied, practice —as every police reporter knows.

Psychological torture is more subtle than physical torture, though it is certainly just as real and probably just as legal. A Texas sheriff extorted a confession from a Negro woman by telling her that if she refused he would deliver her to the mob. Another Texas prisoner "was taken at night with a chain around his neck and seated in front of the charred remains of a body" and "there was strong evidence that men were gathering wood and threatening to burn him to death if he did not 'tell the truth.'" Solitary confinement under the most trying circumstances, cross-questioning continued until the prisoner is in a state of physical and nervous collapse, and in murder cases, exposure to the gruesome relics of the crime are common practices. Against these abuses the prisoner, guilty or innocent, has no defense and practically no redress. If he is guilty he cannot expect the courts to uphold rights which even guilty men nominally possess. If he is not guilty he may be able to prove that a conviction was illegally obtained and so secure a reversal of judgment in a higher court. But, as the Review says, "though the officers are civilly liable to the injured party for mistreating him, this remedy is in practice of no avail." Only three such suits seem to have been decided since 1916.

It should not be necessary to argue the worthlessness of evidence obtained by any kind of torture. That point was settled, to the satisfaction of reasonable persons, long ago. It should be still less necessary to demonstrate its debasing effects upon all who have anything to do with it. Our penal codes still sanction psychological torture, for a term in the average American penitentiary is that. But Senator Baumes himself would be hard put to it to justify the maltreatment by officers of the law of persons not proved guilty. Why, then, does the practice survive? Men of refined and sympathetic natures do not ordinarily become officers of the law, yet policemen and sheriffs are obviously not all brutes. Why do the more civilized ones among them tolerate brutality, as they obviously do? It is not a question that can be answered in a few words. We merely suggest here that police work in some American communities has degenerated into a species of gang warfare, in which the police gang differs from the other gangs not so much in its methods as in being on better terms with the constituted authorities.

It is clear that we have not yet reached the point where we can do without police. Probably even a corrupt and brutal police force is better than no police force. If there is a remedy for the third degree and similar violations of law and justice, it will involve two measures. Additional machinery must be set up to safeguard prisoners' rights—perhaps a public protector as well as a public prosecutor. Some cities already have public defenders, though we do not hear of their defending anyone against the third degree. Secondly, police service must be made attractive to men of intelligence and integrity. One would like to hear from the American Bar Association on these points. Certainly we cannot rely upon the public to respect the law unless those who enforce the law also respect it.

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Notes on Babbitt and More

The following notes deal with the essays by Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More in the Humanist symposium, "Humanism and America," published by Farrar and Rinehart.—E. W.

"Humanism: An Essay at Definition," by Irving Babbitt

(1.) *The law of measure on which it [Humanism] depends becomes meaningless unless it can be shown to be one of the "laws unwritten in the heavens" of which Antigone had the immediate perception, laws that are "not of today or yesterday," that transcend in short the temporal process.*

This seems to me a grotesque misapplication of the famous speech from Sophocles. Let me point out, in the first place, that what Antigone says is "ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν νόμιμα"—"unwritten and unfailing laws of the gods"—and that Professor Babbitt, in changing "gods" to "heaven" (which is particularly inappropriate in this case, as Antigone has just specified the gods of the underworld) is following the Victorian tradition of Jebb and Jowett, who, by substituting such Christian words as "God" and "heaven" for the pre-Christian conceptions of the Greeks, almost succeeded in giving Sophocles and Plato the aspect of pious English dons. But Babbitt has turned Sophocles into something worse and even more alien to his true nature: he has turned him into a Harvard Humanist. In the scene in question, Antigone is not talking about the law of measure or anything remotely resembling it—she is justifying herself for her insubordinate conduct in disobeying Creon's edict to perform the funeral rites for her brother. This has not been an act of self-control on Antigone's part; it has been an act of passionate personal loyalty, regarded as excessively rash and wrongheaded by everybody else in the play, including her own sister, whose "inner check" is more highly developed than Antigone's. When Creon demands how she has dared to break the law, she replies fiercely that such an edict as he has published is contrary to the laws of the gods.

The Romantic might, in fact, turn this scene against the Humanist with more appropriateness than the Humanist can use it against the Romantic. Antigone has the same hasty intemperate insolent nature as her father Oedipus—we are told so explicitly in the play—and she is asserting her individual will in defiance of law and expediency—she is making an impulsive and desperate gesture. Aristotle—"a true Humanist," according to Babbitt—says of this passage, in making a distinction between conventional and natural law, that Antigone furnishes an example of the later in asserting "ὅτι δίκαιον, ἀπειρημένον, θάψαι τὸν Πολυνείκη, ὡς φύσει ὂν τοῦτο δίκαιον,"—that her act, though it violated the prohibition, had the sanction of natural right, was "right according to nature." Now Antigone, of course, is not a nineteenth-century Romantic, and Aristotle does not mean by "nature" quite the same thing that Rousseau does. But what Rousseau means does have something in common with what Aristotle means that Antigone means, whereas what Antigone means can't by any possible stretch be associated with Babbitt's "law of measure." Babbitt grossly misrepresents Sophocles when he applies this quotation in this way, and, as I say, if it is a question of slinging classical texts, the old-fashioned Romantic who is Babbitt's bugbear—if there be any such still alive—might turn Antigone's outburst against Babbitt—and might even add, as Antigone does,

> σοὶ δ'εἰ δοκῶ νῦν μῶρα δρῶσα τυγχάνειν,
> σχεδόν τι μώρῳ μωρίαν ὀφλισκάνω.

Babbitt elsewhere in this essay says that Sophocles "ranks high among occidental Humanists," though he admits—making reservations in regard to the opinion of Matthew Arnold—that "perfect poise is no doubt impossible; not even Sophocles succeeded in seeing life steadily and seeing it whole." I don't know precisely in what respect Professor Babbitt believes that Sophocles failed of perfect poise; but it is certainly true that in Sophocles' tragedies, the characters are usually remarkable for anything but poise—they are as violent and as harsh as the people in the plays of Eugene O'Neill. Where the "law of measure" comes in is certainly not in the conduct of the dramatist's characters—the hot-headed over-confident Oedipus, the impulsive Antigone, the relentless and morbid Electra, etc.—though Babbitt apparently deplores failure to exercise the law of measure in life as much as in art—but in the dramatist's handling of his material—the firmness of his intellectual grasp, the sureness of his sense of form, the range of his psychological insight which makes him show us spending themselves against each other the rages, the affections, the loyalties, of so many passionate persons, and all to die in the clear air, leaving only with the echo of their tirades the vibration of the taut verse. In a world dominated by the law of measure, however, there would be no Humanist masterpieces such as the tragedies of Sophocles—since Babbitt claims them, with reservations, as Humanist masterpieces—because there would be no violent passions to write about. This might be a good thing—perhaps we ought to be glad to do without the Sophocleses if we could get rid of the unruly passions. But, on

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the other hand, we ought perhaps to think twice before letting ourselves in for a world where the sole masterpieces were Humanist symposia.

(2.) *It would not be easy to argue with any plausibility that the typical modernist is greatly concerned with the law of measure; his interest, as a glance at our newspapers should suffice to show, is rather in the doing of stunts and the breaking of records, in "prodigies, feats of strength and crime," the very topics that, according to the traditional report, Confucius banished from his conversation.*

In this respect, our age is no worse than any other. What is done today for the people by the newspapers was done formerly by the composers of ballads, and ballad literature has always been occupied with prodigies, feats of strength and crime. The Iliad itself is presumably made out of ballads —and, in any case, there is no question that it deals with prodigies, feats of strength and crime. The Greek dramatists, including Sophocles, got their themes from Homer or similar sources. It is true that the genuine poet is able to do with such stories something which the reporter is not usually able to do, but the material that he deals with is the same. And the general run of the ballads of any age has been as crude as newspaper stories. The sages of our own time—Professor Babbitt, for example—are, I should say, as little preoccupied with the prodigies and crimes of the newspapers as Confucius was with those of his time.

(3.) *In the case of such encroachments* [*of Naturalism upon the domains of Humanism or religion*] *there is not only a quarrel between the Naturalist and the Humanist, but a quarrel of first principles. When first principles are involved the law of measure is no longer applicable. One should not be moderate in dealing with error.*

It has apparently never occurred to Professor Babbitt that one should be moderate about being too sure that one is absolutely right and that others are absolutely wrong—though Mr. More, in his essay, quotes from Whitehead against the dogmatists of Darwinism, Cromwell's, "My brethren, by the bowels of Christ I beseech you, bethink you that you may be mistaken!" We might have thought that if the law of measure were valuable anywhere, it would be valuable in the realm of ideas, where the failure sufficiently to observe it has notoriously bred war, persecution and misery from the beginning of the world. Babbitt surely did not learn from Plato, whom he invokes in the next paragraph, that we should be so sure of our own opinions that we need not be moderate with people who happen to have different ones. The hero of Plato's novel of ideas is Socrates, but Plato's dialogues are a novel, none the less, and the impression, I think, which most people get from them, though they may be persuaded by Socrates' ideas, is that the world has a good many aspects and that there is a good deal to be said on all sides. The people in Plato who follow Babbitt's precept that we "should not be moderate in dealing with error" are the judges of Socrates. I doubt whether even Aristotle was so sure that he was right as Babbitt. If Babbitt wants to find a tradition for his policy in dealing with error, he must look not to the Academy and the Lyceum, but to the councils of the Inquisition, the revolutionary tribunal of the Terror and—to come closer to Professor Babbitt's home—Dedham Courthouse and Boston State House.

(4.) *Positively one may define it* [*the higher will*] *as the higher immediacy that is known in its relation to the lower immediacy—the merely temperamental man with his impressions and emotions and expansive desires—as a power of vital control* (frein vital).

So Paul Elmer More asserts (in "Aristocracy and Justice") that if a man "retires into himself and examines his own motives and the sources of his self-approval and discontent . . . he will discover that there is a happiness of the soul which is not the same as the pleasure of fulfilled desires, whether these be for good or for ill, a happiness which is not dependent upon the results of this or that choice among our desires, but upon the very act itself of choice and self-control."

Now why the deuce is virtue, with the Humanists, always made to reside exclusively in what Babbitt calls the "will to refrain"? "Humanism," says Professor Babbitt, in making a distinction between Humanism and religion, "is not primarily enthusiastic." So far as I can see, it is not enthusiastic at all. Professor Babbitt goes on to say that the Humanist, though he "cannot afford to be an enthusiast in Rousseau's sense, on the other hand should not neglect the truth of Rousseau's saying that 'cold reason has never done anything illustrious.' " But the writings of the Humanists strike us with a chill even more mortal than that of reason. And how can one take seriously a philosophy which enjoins nothing but negative behavior?—as if humanity were not, now as always, as much in need of being exhorted against coldness and indifference and routine as against careless exuberance; especially Anglo-Saxon humanity—as if Boston and New York, Manchester and London, were not obviously suffering from a lack of normal human fellowship and normal human hope and joy rather than from the demoralizing effects of unbridled "humanitarian" sympathies, indiscriminate emotional "expansiveness" or general orgiastic dissipation—as if our clerks, our factory workers and our respectable professional classes were all in danger of falling victims to the rhapsodical enthusiasm and the lawless individualism of Romanticism! If it is a question of refraining, these people are all good Humanists: they are either compelled by the society in which they live to refrain from most of the enjoyments, from the exercise of most of the faculties, which make the amenity of human life at its best, or they refrain from them because

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their own natures are too poor to enable them even to conceive their esthetic and emotional possibilities.

As a matter of fact, however, Professor Babbitt, as I have noted above, has managed to exempt his own professional activities from the law of measure, the obligation to refrain. He has made it plain that, in "dealing with error," we are no longer under the necessity of being moderate; and as Professor Babbitt, in his writings, is always engaged in "dealing with error," it is never necessary for him to be moderate. Professor Babbitt—and Mr. More—are relieved of the obligation of being decorous as soon as they put pen to paper. It is not decorous to look for nothing but mistakes in the writings of your contemporaries, it is not decorous always to call attention to these mistakes with a sneer; it is not decorous to take a word like Humanism, which has always formerly been applied to the great scholars, philosophers, satirists and poets of the Renaissance, and try to pretend that it ought to be regarded as the exclusive property of a small sect of schoolmasters so fatuous that they do not hesitate to assign schoolmasters' A's, B's and C's in Humanism to "Homer, Phidias, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Paul, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Matthew Arnold, Emerson and Lowell"—it is not decorous to assume that you yourselves are the only persons who have taken seriously the vices and woes of your own time and that everybody else except yourselves is engaged either stupidly or perversely in aggravating them. But as all this comes under the head of dealing with error, and as, in dealing with error, one does not have to be moderate, the Humanists are unfortunately obliged to confine the pursuit of their ideal of decorum to the transactions of their private lives, where comparatively few of us are able to benefit by it.

(5.) *This movement [the modernist movement] has, from the eighteenth century and in some respects from the Renaissance, been marked by a growing discredit of the will to refrain. The very word renunciation has been rarely pronounced by those who have entered into the movement. The chief exception that occurs to one is Goethe (echoed at times by Carlyle). Anyone who thinks of the series of Goethe's love affairs prolonged into the seventies, is scarcely likely to maintain that his* Entsagung *was of a very austere character even for a man of the world, not to speak of a saint.*

It seems to me that assumptions are here being made in regard to sexual morality which require a good deal of proving on Babbitt's part. He goes on to say, a little further down the page, that "the real Humanist consents, like Aristotle, to limit his desires only in so far as this limitation can be shown to make for his own happiness." If one disapproves of Goethe's love affairs, but if the end to be achieved is happiness, one should first show that they did not make him happy and why they did not make him happy. It seems to me that Professor Babbitt should shoulder the burden of proof and show that it did not do Goethe good at the same time that it did the ladies no harm for him to fall in love after he was seventy. But these are matters which Babbitt and More will never argue, as to which they will always simply make assumptions, just as they assume that virtue should consist mainly of the exercise of the will to refrain, because these assumptions are really the unexamined prejudices of a Puritan heritage which Babbitt and More have never outgrown, in spite of all their fascinated and tireless voyages among the varied countries of the mind, and which they mistake for universal and eternal moral laws because—they have themselves put this forward as their final and overwhelming justification—when they look into themselves, they find them there.

"The Humility of Common Sense," by Paul Elmer More

(1.) *It is a nice question to ask whether belief in the absolute irresponsibility of the artistic temperament has engendered the modern ideal of absolute art, or the contrary. . . . The point I would make is the falseness and futility of the logical deduction that art can . . . dispense with the stuff of humanity or nature, or can weigh anchor and sail off into a shoreless sea of unreality.*

In the first part of Mr. More's essay, marked by his usual intellectual arrogance, which he incongruously calls "The Humility of Common Sense," he is occupied with the old "art for art's sake" doctrine as it has been formulated by some of its most recent champions. Now I should agree with Mr. More that the artist should not be irresponsible and that he cannot dispense with humanity and nature—I should even agree that "art for art's sake" has given rise to a good deal of nonsense, as indeed what doctrine has not? But it seems to me that Mr. More has failed completely to understand that this point of view was produced inevitably by a particular situation. Art is, of course, like market-gardening, road-building and banking, a means of supplying certain human needs—it is one of our devices for adjusting ourselves to the world, and, as the Humanists are so zealous to insist, raising our condition above that of the animals; and it is preposterous for artists to talk as if they were able to work *in vacuo*, or as if it were possible for them to remain indifferent to the effects of their work on human life. But in the course of the nineteenth century, they began to be driven to talk in this way, to make a cult of art for its own sake, by the progress of the industrial revolution and the rise of the middle class. It was one of the fatal defects of the kind of society to which these events gave rise that it neglected or discouraged the esthetic appetites for which the artists had formerly provided. And as they found esthetic values depreciating, as they found them-

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selves becoming almost outlaws, the artists grew desperate and embittered. They swore, if they had any spirit, that they were going on to practise their craft in spite of the fact that nobody wanted their wares, and they thus arrived at the slogan of "art for art's sake." The fact that they should have felt the necessity for asserting the value of what they were doing was a witness to their maladjustment, to the abnormality of the situation in which they found themselves—but, granted this situation, the very assertion of one's faith in esthetic values, the dogged devotion to the practice of art, demanded qualities of the highest heroism. I have lately been writing in these pages of certain *fin de siècle* poets and of the carriers-on of their tradition in our own day—and I tried to show how their isolation from the general life had had the effect of deforming their work. But, for all that, what student of literature who is not content merely to praise or blame a work of art, referring it to ideal moral and esthetic standards, but who makes an effort to see it in its relation to the other forces of the society in which it was created, will assert that these novelists and poets could or should have done otherwise? In the generation of the middle century, even so great a man as Flaubert had found it possible to save his soul only through the cult of art. But the idea that, despite the cynicism of a Flaubert or the perversity of a Baudelaire, their novels and poems might be the product of an austere and triumphant discipline, of a rigorous exercise, in dealing with the materials supplied them by their imaginations, of the will to refrain, and that these productions might convey to their readers this spirit of discipline and not merely charm but also fortify them thereby—this is something which Mr. More seems incapable of comprehending. He apparently believes that the only way in which it is possible for a writer to discipline himself in these bad days is to write literary criticism like his own and Babbitt's, which, though it is distinguished by thorough reading and sound writing, has obviously not required a discipline a fifth as exacting as that which has gone into some of the productions of which it so superciliously complains.

Aside, however, from its special significance in this special situation, the slogan of "art for art's sake" has a further validity which would continue to hold good even in an age which did not, like our own, freeze out the artists and make them defiant. From this point of view, Mr. More's attitude is open to the same sort of criticism as that of the imaginative but rather unintelligent socialist of the type of Upton Sinclair: Upton Sinclair disapproves of works of art which do not point explicitly a socialist moral, as Paul Elmer More disapproves of works of art which do not point explicitly the moral of self-control. Each insists upon denouncing all the writers upon whom it is impossible to pin his own special kind of moral as irresponsible and futile. Now, aside from the fact that reality has many aspects and may be expected to suggest more than one kind of moral, and aside from the fact that fine workmanship itself must always convey an implicit moral, it is further true that in the arts as in the sciences a certain freedom for experimentation is necessary—one must allow a good deal of apparently gratuitous, and even empty or ridiculous work, if one wants eventually to get masterpieces. Gregor Mendel was dead eighteen years before anyone had even suspected that his hobby of interbreeding green peas was anything other than a harmless monastic diversion—Gauss's non-Euclidean geometry, which he had been afraid to publish, and Ricci and Levi-Civita's calculus, seemed the idlest of mathematical exercises till Einstein found them just the tools he needed ready to his hand. But, in general, the gratuitous experimentation of the scientific world is known only in its own laboratories and studies, whereas the corresponding work of the literary world is likely to be published and circulated more widely. When it happens to fall under the eye of an Upton Sinclair or a Paul Elmer More, he is infuriated by what seems to him its fatuity: he demands to know what these writers think they are good for. Well, they may not be good for anything, but, on the other hand, they may be extremely valuable—one has to wait and see what later writers get out of them. Virgil, a poet held in high repute by Mr. More and the other Humanists, had laid under contribution not merely Homer but also the romantic rebel Apollonius, whose rebellion had failed at Alexandria, but from whom Virgil was to derive so much of his misty, subtle and tender feeling for humanity and nature—just as the other Alexandrians had nourished the other Latin poets, and hence the whole European tradition. The Alexandrians, like the modern poets, had been cut off by political events from participation in the life of a great society, and they had come to believe in art for art's sake. But will Mr. More, taking into consideration their original contributions to poetry no less than the fact of their having kept alive the poetic tradition of Greece, contend today that the Alexandrians were not justified?

(2.) *They* [*"a few restless souls" among "the radical writers of today"*] *hold deliberation to be the foe of liberation. Hence the later theory, exemplified in English by James Joyce, that art shall not reproduce a picture of life as the Humanist sees it, or even from the point of view of the realist, but for its subject matter shall descend to what they call the pure "stream of consciousness." The hero of fiction shall have no will, no purpose, no inhibition, no power of choice whether for good or evil, but shall be merely a medium through which passes an endless, unchecked, meaningless flux of sensations and memories and emotions and impulses.*

But Joyce does not exemplify anything of the sort: his characters are all going about their business like the characters of any other novelist. Bloom, Dedalus, Mrs. Bloom and the others do

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have their wills, their purposes, their inhibitions, and they make their moral decisions—indeed, these moral decisions are the principal events of "Ulysses." What has probably misled Mr. More is Joyce's method of presenting the human mind directly, as it is aware of itself from hour to hour, from moment to moment. The minds of Joyce's characters are sometimes relaxed or confused, at other times lucid and intent: it depends on the character and the situation. The principal way in which "Ulysses" differs from the kind of novel to which Mr. More is accustomed is not in its depriving its characters of moral sense or will, but simply in its method of making us watch the glass-fronted beehives of their consciousnesses through almost the whole of a day—it is a difference of speed and scale, and of technique. But I cannot suppose, as a matter of fact, from the inappropriateness of Mr. More's remarks about Joyce, that he has ever done anything more than look into him, and I will venture to say that the Humanists' high-handed habit of disposing jeeringly of contemporary writers whom they plainly haven't read is an even more serious scandal to their cause than their misrepresentation of the ancients, whom they have at least conscientiously studied. So Mr. More, in "The Demon of the Absolute," has described Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer" as "an explosion in a cesspool" without apparently the faintest suspicion that Dos Passos intends his novel as a condemnation of the same social conditions of which Mr. More himself has always taken such a gloomy view. But not only is Mr. More unable to recognize in "Manhattan Transfer" the work of a man who, like himself, has, as he once wrote of his own state of mind, been "deafened by the 'indistinguishable roar' of the streets" and can "make no sense of the noisy jargon of the market place" and who finally has his hero escape from the modern city with as much relief as Mr. More ever did when he went into his celebrated retreat at Shelburne; he has not even succeeded in informing himself from any other sources as to Dos Passos's general point of view. If Dos Passos had been a second-rate eighteenth-century essayist, Mr. More would know everything about him, political opinions and all—if he had been the humblest New England poet (of the seventeenth century, that is) Mr. More would have read him through.

(3.) *"The only way of mitigating mechanism," he [Whitehead] says, "is by discovering that it is not mechanism." And so, instead of admitting humbly that mechanism is mechanism while beside it there exists something of a totally different nature, and that the ultimate nexus between these two fields of experience surpasses our comprehension, he must demonstrate mechanism out of the world altogether.*

But why *should* Whitehead admit humbly that mechanism is mechanism and that humanity exists beside it as something of a totally different nature? Why *should* he assume that the ultimate nexus between these two fields of experience surpasses our comprehension? I do not feel with Mr. More that the effect of Whitehead's metaphysics is to "make a travesty of the inorganic world," that it threatens "to deprive humanity of what is distinctly human." Why should Mr. More take for granted that to change our idea of humanity is necessarily to degrade it? There can be no advances in philosophy without the altering of old conceptions. And I cannot, for the life of me, see that Mr. More has any other real objection to Whitehead's ideas except that they would, as he believes—and I am not sure that he is right even here—tend to discredit the distinction between "man" and "thing" upon which his own Humanistic philosophy is based. He makes no attempt to show that Whitehead's guesses may not be correct—that his arguments are not sound—he makes no effort to discuss the scientific findings—the conception of the "event," for example, as the ultimate unit of both the organic and the inorganic worlds—upon which Whitehead has based his metaphysics and which he did not himself invent. He merely asserts that Whitehead should never have undertaken to account for the relations between the organic and the inorganic world. He says that he "admits" this "humbly," but one gathers from his tone that he would, if he could, get out an injunction against all wanton metaphysics directed to this end, just as he would, if he could, get out an injunction against all experimentation in the arts. Yet if the philosophers of the past had been willing to accept so humbly the apparent paradoxes of experience, we should have no philosophy at all, and Mr. More would have no Plato and no Platonists to divert his declining years. I cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that Mr. More's primary objection is to having anyone, either in science or in art, find out anything new, and I cannot explain this state of mind except on the hypothesis that Mr. More is really an old-fashioned Puritan who has lost the Puritan theology without having lost the Puritan dogmatism. More certainly than Professor Babbitt a man of some imagination, he is able to follow the thought of the modern world—this appears from his very intelligent and often sensitive expositions of the ideas of other writers (if they are not absolutely contemporaries)—but some iron inhibition always comes into play to prevent him from agreeing with anything which he finds in modern philosophy or art. Everything he encounters there seems to terrify him, even when, as in the case of Whitehead, one would think he ought to find it reassuring. One law for man and another law for thing is the whole of philosophy for More, as the will to refrain is the whole of morals. Outside these—that is, anywhere except among the brave little band of Humanists—he sees only the abyss. It is as if Mr. More, on one of his sides, were a man who might once have imagined becoming a great philosopher like Whitehead or a great poet like Joyce, but as if some

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other element in his nature—which he tries to foist upon us, too, as the universal and eternal moral law of the "inner check"—had operated to make him afraid of philosophy and poetry, so that he had finally reached a point today where, in spite of his fine intellect and his esthetic sensibility, he was unable even to allow himself to profit by the philosophy and poetry which other men had made.

One passage from Whitehead's "Science and the Modern World" is quoted by Mr. More as follows: "When Darwin or Einstein proclaim[s] theories which modify our ideas, it is a triumph for science." Mr. More is going on to criticize this passage, but in the meantime he has observed that Whitehead has been so indiscreet as to write "proclaim" as a plural verb after two subjects connected by "or," and where any ordinary critic would either have left Whitehead's sentence as he wrote it or have made him a present of the singular ending without calling the reader's attention to it, Mr. More has put it in brackets, as who should comment scornfully "[sic]!" Mr. More may not be able, or may not dare, to imagine, as Whitehead has done, a metaphysical explanation of the relation of the organic to the inorganic world, but he can, and, by Heaven, he will, correct Whitehead's grammar!

EDMUND WILSON.

On the Bowery

IT SEEMS too cold to rain; but it isn't. The drops come down in slanting lines, driven by a bitter wind, and stand in pools upon the hard-packed, icy snow along the street. A bad night to be out, even if you are well shod and warmly clothed; and most of the men lounging along the Bowery, with the L trains rumbling overhead, are neither. Their shoes are broken, their clothing is in the last stages of disrepute. Perhaps one in twenty has gloves, and perhaps two in five an overcoat of some sort, an overcoat too large or too small, or with the buttons missing so that it has to be held together with one hand, as the great ladies hold their fur wraps going into the opera. Misery *does* love company; these unhappy men move along the street, or stand huddled in doorways partly out of the rain, in twos and threes. Here and there you will see a born *raconteur* who has assembled an audience of half a dozen; they laugh noisily when he comes to the point, and that laughter is the only sound they ever make above an undertone. For most of them are frightened, and frightened men keep quiet.

You turn a corner, and here is a surprising spectacle. There is a line of men, three or sometimes four abreast, a block long, and wedged tightly together—so tightly that no passer-by can break through. For this compactness there is a reason: those at the head of this grey-black human snake will eat tonight; those farther back probably won't. Every few minutes, someone tries to break in far enough toward the front to be enumerated among the blessed; and then, from those behind him comes a chorus of hoots and jeers, the human equivalent of automobilists blowing horns in stalled traffic, while he is roughly handled by those closest to him, until he turns away in hungry despair. It is too bad; but this is war. There are other hungry stomachs than his own, and starvation gives no quarter.

A block away, the line tails off around a corner; follow it, and there is another block's length, and beyond that, another. At one point, it crosses a street, and in order to keep traffic moving, two policeman are detailed there, who permit only a few men to cross at a time. This is a favorite spot for the gate-crashers, but the bluecoat is vigilant. He sends them off with a few vigorous shoves with his club. Not unfriendly shoves; not half as rough as the Communists get in City Hall Park, but rough enough so that the victims do not try to come back.

At the very end is a pitiful spectacle. The charity on which this line depends is not unlimited, and so, when about as many men have lined up as can be handled, two policemen stand behind them, facing the other way, and ward off the additional supplicants. Necessarily, they are obdurate, but the late comers can never quite believe this, and so they line up anyhow, ten or twelve feet from the officers' clubs. There are several hundred men in this extra line, none of whom, it is certain, will get anything to eat. It so happens that at the moment we are making our inspection, the first two places in this extra line are held by a white-haired old man, and a boy of sixteen. The old man looks seventy at least; he is stooped, hollow-cheeked, but he stands with dignity, his sad, bovine eyes of the aged look at nothing. The boy is a straight young sapling, with curly brown hair under his cap. He is embarrassed—nearly all these men are as embarrassed in their plight as so many children in a school play. He does not plead with the policemen as some of his fellows do; he merely stands there, looking ahead, scornful and ashamed.

What do they get, if they get it? They get food tickets worth a nickel each, and cashable only at the Y. M. C. A. cafeteria nearby. A lucky individual may get four or five of them—they come in a paper ribbon like movie house tickets. An unlucky one may get only two or three. This distribution is the

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work of private charity—of a young woman who prefers to be known only by the Bowery's somewhat sentimental nickname, as "Lady Bountiful." For several winters, she has been handing out these tickets Mondays and Thursdays; they are costing her twelve or fourteen hundred dollars a week of her own and other people's money, and God knows what the Bowery would do without her, in this winter of Hoover prosperity.

Many of those who get her tickets must wait from one to three hours in line, first; and then they must wait again, perhaps an equal time, before they can get into the Y. M. C. A.'s big cafeteria and eat. Here good food is served at minimum prices —most dishes are five cents, and the rest, ten. Coffee and stew is the favorite combination; with every cup of coffee go three big slices of bread. No one loiters at table; through the basement windows (the cafeteria is underground) you can see the feet of a hundred other hungry men waiting their turn.

This is but one line of several, on the Bowery. Indeed, it seems as though wherever you turn, there is the long grey-black snake, waiting and waiting. Let us go and look at another of these lines, and one of the most important. It is not on the Bowery but it is not far away—the line waiting to get into the Municipal Lodging House, conducted by the New York City Department of Public Welfare, on Twenty-fifth Street, near the East River. In February, *eleven hundred* men sought its shelter every night, on the average. This is an increase of 45 percent over a year ago, and of 53 percent over 1928. No individual may spend more than five nights in the Lodging House in any one month; the actual number of men cared for during the first two months of 1930 was 13,913.

The Lodging House opens at four in the afternoon, and by that time, the line outside the door is the better part of a block long. It will be twice as long by six. One hundred twenty-eight men are admitted about every twenty-five minutes, that being the length of time it takes for one sitting in the dining room. Every man receives a cup of coffee (in a tin cup, boiling hot), a big dish of stew (beef tonight and lamb tomorrow) and as much graham bread as he can eat. Anyone capable of consuming a second helping of stew is welcome to it. After supper, they are registered and check their valuables (nine out of ten haven't any, and if by a miracle somebody turned up with three dollars he would be refused admission). Every man hands in all his clothing, to be fumigated during the night and returned to him in the morning. Every man gets a shower bath—compulsory; a clean white nightshirt, and a medical examination. If he needs a doctor's care, he is sent over to Bellevue Hospital; otherwise, he gets a bed in a room with several hundred other men, where he sleeps about eleven hours: and so would you, if you had tramped the streets from dawn to dark and had just had a big hot meal, perhaps your first in several days. The earliest men to come in are the earliest out in the morning. Each process takes several hours, when the city's guests are running above a thousand at a time. Every man gets back his clothing and valuables, the garments fumigated in dry heat, and neither wrinkled nor given any odor by the process. Once clad, they are checked out again, are given a hot breakfast, and sent on their way. A few of the men—less than 10 percent—are required to do a couple of hours' cleaning work to pay for their lodging; the rest make no payment except the humiliation of accepting charity.

For many of them, of course, that is no payment at all. They don't mind being "pauperized"; they welcome the chance. But there are others who pay dearly. This winter differs from previous ones in the exceptionally high number of men who have never before had this sort of experience, for whom it is a personal tragedy too deep for words. Of the first fourteen thousand men admitted in 1930, *six thousand* were first-timers. Nor was this because they came from other cities where they were old hands at this sort of thing: twenty-three out of every twenty-four (at least, by their own statements) claim New York as their residence. As Mr. Joseph Mannix, the brisk, enthusiastic and friendly young guardian of all these lost souls will tell you, there are professional men in the line nowadays—teachers, musicians (many of these), doctors, pharmacists, lawyers, expert accountants.

Standing behind the counter where the stew is passed out, you fancy you can tell these men in the hurried, shambling line before you. Here is one with a fine linen shirt, but no collar or tie; there is one whose clothes were obviously made for him by a good tailor, a long time ago. . . . And while six out of eight faces are indifferent or sheepish—the faces of soldiers standing at ease, or of pick-and-shovel men at dinner time—there are others whose gaunt cheeks and staring eyes portray a hell within. One of these men quietly fell forward and died last week, on the steps of an institution devoted to relief, not a hundred steps from the Bowery. He hadn't known where to go, or else he hadn't been willing to go there, until starvation and exhaustion had done their work. Attempts at suicide are not uncommon among the guests of these institutions; but those are mostly psychopathic cases, the experts say.

Hear these experts, as I combine the unconflicting views of Mr. Mannix, of Mr. Leon Rockwell of the Y. M. C. A. and of silver-haired Colonel Wallace Winchell of the Salvation Army:

"Don't scatter your sympathy too indiscriminately among the thousands of men who are milling along the Bowery under the L. Many of them are itinerant workers who have come into New York for the winter. They have a little money but they husband it by taking advantage of the assistance offered." (Remember, however, that most of the relief agencies reject men who have cash or bank-

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books showing deposits of more than a few dollars.)

"Many more of them are not only unemployed but unemployable—just bums, hopeless bums. Some of them are drunkards; they panhandle for a few nickels and spend them on 'smoke'—vile raw alcohol, so poisonous that a beginner at it may be knocked unconscious by a small drink and stay that way for a long time. Others are psychopaths—'bats in the belfry,' but not violent enough to be locked up. Still others have been crippled, or burned out, by heavy physical labor in boyhood or early youth.

"Many others, however, are good workmen who are genuinely unemployed and in great distress. Some of them have families, usually in other cities than New York, and these families presumably are getting help of some sort wherever they are. Plenty of them are white-collar men, and especially, bookkeepers, clerks and the like. All they need is a chance to get on their feet, and then they are all right."

The three relief agencies I have mentioned, and some others, try to get jobs for those whom they aid. The figures recording their accomplishment are impressive, though less so when compared with the number of men who pass through their hands. Unskilled day labor, in restaurants, hospitals and other institutions, is the commonest resource, and such jobs do not usually last very long. A bad snowstorm is a godsend to these men, who get a chance to work clearing the streets. One of the most useful things the relief agencies do is to tide a man over after he has a job, until his first pay day, which is usually a week, and sometimes a month, later.

The service of the Municipal Lodging House, as I have said, is free. Other organizations usually charge for their service a sum which may or may not cover its cost. The Y. M. C. A., for example, charges for its rooms and meals, but no hungry man is turned away for lack of money. An account is opened for him, and he pays when he can. Something like 65 or 70 percent of the sums thus advanced are ultimately repaid. The rescue missions conducted by various churches usually give a man at least a bed and a cup of hot coffee in the morning. Most of them do little in the way of finding jobs for the down-and-outs, and since they do not provide enough food to keep one going for twenty-four hours, the complaint is sometimes made that a man can continue indefinitely under their ministrations without ever getting on his feet. The Y. M. C. A. is particularly proud of its efforts toward rehabilitation. After a job has been found for a man, and he has begun to earn, he is moved from the big dormitory which is the first stopping place of the refugee from starvation, and is given a room of his own. The Salvation Army Hotel also has rooms of varying grades which are rented at different rates including some—for the plutocrats of the Bowery—at fifty cents a night.

At present, all these facilities are full and still the hungry applicants crowd to get in, waiting in their patient, pitiful lines outside every possible door. At the Salvation Army and the Municipal Lodging House, every chair in the dining-room is occupied, most nights, by somebody whose only alternative was spending the night in a doorway or perhaps begging a nickel and spending it on a night-long ride on the subway—always with the possibility of being ejected by an indignant guard after the second or third trip. Some nights there are men sleeping on the floor, in this winter which half the experts say is "far and away the worst since 1914," and the rest, "the worst we have ever experienced."

Before we say good night, Mr. Mannix of the Municipal Lodging House has something else to show us. We go down the street past the long line of waiting men, to the East River. Out on a wharf, and on board a small vessel tied up there for the night—an odd-job boat which runs errands for the city of New York in the daytime. She is loaned to Mr. Mannix at night, and he makes good use of her. For here in an enclosed deck space, lying on tarpaulins spread on the hard boards, he puts his overflow customers, to the number of several hundred nightly. They sleep in their clothes, of course; their toilet facilities are of the crudest; but it is better than walking the streets in the icy rain of early March. All of them, Mr. Mannix explains with a pride which his ingenuity well justifies, are "second-night men." They slept last night in the lodging house, and therefore have had a bath and a medical inspection no more than twenty-four hours ago.

A hundred yards away, in the greasy black waters of the East River, lies one of the biggest and handsomest yachts this yacht-student has ever set eyes on. She might well be Mr. Morgan's "Corsair"; it is too dark to read her name. It is not too dark, however, to look through the glowing disks of her portholes at the busy, happy and presumably prosperous visitors on board.

"That's an ironic contrast," you suggest to Mr. Mannix. "What do your guests think, looking at that yacht so near, while they sleep on the deck?"

"I never heard one mention it," says Mr. Mannix, and we button up our coats to face the rain.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Killing No Murder

You, master of delays,
Need no artillery but days
One after one
Loosed off in blank against hope's garrison;
No art,
Save doing nothing, to undo a heart.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER.

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The Crisis in Culture

The Fifth Article in Professor Dewey's Series, "Individualism, Old and New"

DISCUSSION of the state and prospects of American culture abounds. But "culture" is an ambiguous word. With respect to one of its meanings I see no ground for pessimism. Interest in art, science and philosophy is not on the wane; the contrary is the case. There may have been individuals superior in achievement in the past, but I do not know of any time in our history when so many persons were actively concerned, both as producers and as appreciators, with these culminating aspects of civilization. There is a more lively and more widespread interest in ideas, in critical discussion, in all that forms an intellectual life, than ever before. Anyone who can look back over a span of thirty or forty years must be conscious of the difference that a generation has produced. And the movement is going forward, not backward.

About culture in the sense of cultivation of a number of persons, a number on the increase rather than the decrease, I find no ground for any great solicitude. But "culture" has another meaning. It denotes the type of emotion and thought that is characteristic of a people and epoch as a whole, an organic intellectual and moral quality. Without raising the ambiguous question of aristocracy, one can say without fear of denial that a high degree of personal cultivation at the top of society can coexist with a low and unworthy state of culture as a pervasive manifestation of social life. The marvelous achievement of the novel, music and the drama in the Russia of the Tsar's day sufficiently illustrates what is meant. Nor is preoccupation with commerce and wealth an insuperable bar to a flourishing culture. One may cite the fact that the highest phase of Dutch painting came in a time of just such expansion. I should not hesitate to refer to the Periclean, Augustan and Elizabethan ages in the same connection. Excellence of personal cultivation has often, and perhaps usually, been coincident with the political and economic dominance of a few and with periods of material expansion.

I see no reason why we in the United States should not also have golden ages of literature and science. But we are given to looking at this and that "age" marked with great names and great productivity, while forgetting to ask about the roots of the efflorescence. Might it not be argued that the very transitoriness of the glory of these ages proves that its causes were sporadic and accidental? And in any case, the question must be raised with reference to the growth of native culture in our own country. The idea of democracy is doubtless as ambiguous as is that of aristocracy. But we cannot evade a basic issue. Unless an avowedly democratic people and an undeniably industrial time can achieve something more than an "age" of high personal cultivation, there is something deeply defective in its culture. Such an age would be American in a topographical sense, but not in a spiritual one.

This fact gives significance to the question so often raised as to whether the material and mechanistic forces of the machine age are to crush the higher life. In one sense I find, as I have already said, no special danger. Poets, painters, novelists, dramatists, philosophers, scientists, are sure to appear and to find an appreciative audience. But the unique fact about our own civilization is that if it is to achieve and manifest a characteristic culture, it must develop, not on top of an industrial and political substructure, but out of our material civilization itself. It will come by turning a machine age into a significantly new habit of mind and sentiment, or it will not come at all. A cultivation of a class that externally adorns a material civilization will at most merely repeat the sort of thing that has transiently happened many times before.

The question, then, is not merely a quantitative one. It is not a matter of an increased number of persons who will take part in the creation and enjoyment of art and science. It is a qualitative question. Can a material, industrial civilization be converted into a distinctive agency for liberating the minds and refining the emotions of all who take part in it? Thus, the cultural question is a political and economic one before it becomes definitely cultural.

Many European critics openly judge American life from the standpoint of a dualism of the spiritual and material, and deplore the primacy of the physical as fatal to any culture. They fail to see the depth and range of our problem, which is that of making the material an active instrument in the creation of the life of ideas and art. Many American critics of the present scene are engaged in devising modes of escape. Some flee to Paris or Florence; others take flight in their imagination to Athens, the middle ages or to the American age of Emerson, Thoreau and Melville. Flight is solution by evasion. Return to a dualism consisting of a massive substratum of the material upon which are erected spiritually ornamented façades, is flatly impossible.

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That the cultural problem must be reached through economic roads is testified to by our educational system. No nation has ever been so actively committed to universal schooling as are the people of the United States. But what is our system for? What ends does it serve? That it gives opportunity to many who would otherwise lack it is undeniable. It is also the agency of important welding and fusing processes. These are conditions of mind that will constitute a distinctive type of culture. But they are conditions only. If our public-school system merely turns out efficient industrial fodder and citizenship fodder in a state controlled by pecuniary industry, as other schools in other nations have turned out efficient cannon fodder, it is not helping to solve the problem of building up a distinctive American culture; it is only aggravating the problem. That which prevents the schools from doing their educational work freely is precisely the pressure—for the most part indirect, to be sure—of domination by the money-motif of our economic regime. The subject is too large to deal with here. But the distinguishing trait of the American student body in our higher schools is a kind of intellectual immaturity. This immaturity is mainly due to their enforced mental seclusion; there is, in their schooling, little free and disinterested concern with the underlying social problems of our civilization. Other typical evidence is found in the training of engineers. Thorstein Veblen—and many others have since repeated his idea—pointed out the strategic position occupied by the engineer in our industrial and technological activity. Engineering schools give excellent technical training. Where is the school that pays attention to the potential social function of the engineering profession?

I refer to the schools in connection with this problem of American culture because they are the formal agencies for the formation of those mental attitudes, those modes of feeling and thinking, which are the essence of a distinctive culture. But they are not the ultimate formative force. Social institutions, the trend of occupations, the pattern of social arrangements, are the finally controlling influences in shaping minds. The immaturity nurtured in schools is carried over into life. If we Americans manifest, as compared with those of other countries who have had the benefits of higher schooling, a kind of infantilism, it is because our own schooling so largely evades serious consideration of the deeper issues of social life; for it is only through induction into realities that mind can be matured. Consequently the effective education, that which really leaves a stamp on character and thought, is obtained when graduates come to take their part in the activities of adult society, which put exaggerated emphasis upon business and the results of business success. Such an education is at best extremely one-sided; it operates to create the specialized "business mind," and this, in turn, is manifested in leisure as well as in business itself. The one-sidedness is accentuated because of the tragic irrelevancy of prior schooling to the controlling realities of social life. There is little preparation to induce either hardy resistance, discriminating criticism, or the vision and desire to direct economic forces in new channels.

If, then, I select education for special notice, it is because education—in the broad sense of formation of fundamental attitudes of imagination, desire and thinking—is strictly correlative with culture in its inclusive social sense. It is because the educative influence of economic and political institutions is, in last analysis, even more important than their immediate economic consequences. The mental poverty that comes from one-sided distortion of mind is ultimately more significant than poverty in material goods. To make this assertion is not to gloss over the material harshness it induces. It is rather to point out that under present conditions these material results cannot be separated from development of mind and character. Destitution on the one side and wealth on the other are factors in the determination of that psychological and moral constitution which is the source and the measure of attained culture.

It is the work of sociologists, psychologists, novelists, dramatists and poets to exhibit the consequences of our present economic regime upon taste, desire, satisfaction and standards of value. An article like this cannot do a work which requires many volumes. But a paragraph suffices to call attention to one central fact. Most of those who are engaged in the outward work of production and distribution of economic commodities have no share —imaginative, intellectual, emotional—in directing the activities in which they physically participate. They execute plans which they did not form, and of whose meaning and intent they are ignorant—beyond the fact that these plans make a profit for others and secure a wage for themselves. To set forth the consequences of this fact upon the experience and the minds of uncounted multitudes would again require volumes. But there is an undeniable limitation of opportunities, and minds are warped, frustrated, unnourished by their activities —the ultimate source of all constant nurture of the spirit. The philosopher's idea of a complete separation of mind and body is realized in thousands of industrial workers, and the result is a depressed body and an empty and distorted mind.

There are instances, here and there, of the intellectual and moral effects which accrue when workers can employ their feelings and imaginations as well as their muscles in what they do. But it is still impossible to foresee in detail what would happen if a system of coöperative control of industry were generally substituted for the present system of exclusion. There would be an enormous liberation of mind, and the mind thus set free would have constant direction and nourishment. Desire for related knowledge, physical and social, would

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be created and rewarded; initiative and responsibility would be demanded and achieved. One may not, perhaps, be entitled to predict that an efflorescence of a distinctive social culture would immediately result. But one can say without hesitation that we shall attain only the personal cultivation of a class, and not a characteristic American culture, unless this condition is fulfilled. It is impossible for a highly industrialized society to attain a widespread high excellence of mind when multitudes are excluded from occasion for the use of thought and emotion in their daily occupations. The contradiction is so great and so pervasive that a favorable issue is hopeless. We have got to wrest our general culture from an industrialized civilization; and this fact signifies that industry must itself become a primary educative or cultural force for those engaged in it.

If I have emphasized the effect upon the wage workers, it is not because the consequences are not equally marked with respect to the few who now enjoy the material emoluments of the system and monopolize its management and control. There will doubtless always be leaders, those who will have the more active and leading share in the intellectual direction of great industrial undertakings. But as long as the direction is more concerned with pecuniary profit than with social utility, the resulting intellectual and moral development will be one-sided and warped. An inevitable result of a coöperatively shared control of industry would be the recognition of final use or consumption as the criterion of valuation, decision and direction. When the point of view of consumption is supreme in industry, the latter will be socialized, and I see no way of securing its genuine socialization save as industry is viewed and conducted from the standpoint of the user and enjoyer of services and commodities.

There can be no stable and balanced development of mind and character apart from the assumption of responsibility. In an industrialized society, that responsibility must for the most part be associated with industry, since it will grow indirectly out of industry even for those not engaged in it. The wider and fuller the sense of social consequences—that is, of the effect on the life-experience of the consumer—the deeper and surer, the more stable, is the intelligence of those who have the foremost place in the direction of industry. A society saturated with industrialism may evolve a class of highly cultivated persons in the traditional sense of cultivation. But there will be something thin and meager about even this meed of cultivation if it evolves in isolation from the main currents of action in which thought and desire are engaged. As long as imagination is concerned primarily with obtaining pecuniary success and enjoying its material results, the type of culture will conform to these standards.

Everywhere and at all times the development of mind and its cultural products has been connate with the channels in which mind is exercised and applied. This fact defines the problem of creating culture that will be characteristically our own. Escape from industrialism on the ground that it is unesthetic and brutal can win only superficial and restricted successes of esteem. It is a silly caricature to interpret such statements as meaning that science should devote itself directly to solving industrial problems, or that poetry and painting should find their material in machines and in machine processes. The question is not one of idealizing present conditions in esthetic treatment, but of discovering and trying to realize the conditions under which vital esthetic production and esthetic appreciation may take place on a generous social scale.

And similarly for science; it is not in the least a matter of considering this and that particular practical application to be squeezed out of science; we have a great deal of that sort of thing already. It is a question of acknowledgment on the part of scientific inquiries of intellectual responsibility; of admitting into their consciousness a perception of what science has actually done, through its counterpart technologies, in making the world and life what they are. This perception would bear fruit by raising the question of what science can do in making a different sort of world and society. Such a science would be at the opposite pole to science conceived as merely a means to special industrial ends. It would, indeed, include in its scope all the technological aspects of the latter, but it would also be concerned with the control of their social effects. It would use scientific method, and intelligence with its best equipment, to bring about human consequences. It would meet the demand for a science that is humanistic, and not just physical and technical.

I do not hold, I think, an exaggerated opinion of the influence that is wielded by so-called "intellectuals"—philosophers, professional and otherwise, critics, writers and professional persons in general with interests beyond their immediate callings. But their present position is not a measure of their possibilities. For they are now intellectually dispersed and divided; this fact is one aspect of what I have called "the lost individual." This internal dissolution is necessarily accompanied by a weak social efficacy. The chaos is due, more than to anything else, to mental withdrawal, to the failure to face the realities of industrialized society. Whether the ultimate influence of the distinctively intellectual or reflective groups is to be great or small, an initial move is theirs. A consciously directed critical consideration of the state of present society in its causes and consequences is a pre-condition of projection of constructive ideas. To be effective, the movement must be organized. But this requirement does not demand creating a formal organization; it does demand that a sense of the need and opportunity should possess a sufficiently large number

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of minds. If it does, the results of their inquiries will inevitably converge to a common issue.

This point of view is sometimes represented as a virtual appeal to those primarily engaged in inquiry and reflection to desert their studies, libraries and laboratories and engage in works of social reform. That representation is also a caricature. It is not the abandonment of thinking and inquiry that is asked for, but more thinking and more significant inquiry. This "more" is equivalent to a conscious direction of thought and inquiry, and direction can be had only by a realization of problems in the rank of their urgency.

I am suspicious of all attempts to erect a hierarchy of values: their results generally prove to be inapplicable and abstract. But there is at every time a hierarchy of problems, for there are some issues which underlie and condition others. No one person is going to evolve a constructive solution for the problem of humanizing industrial civilization, of making it and its technology a servant of human life—a problem which is once more equivalent, for us, to that of creating a genuine culture. But general guidance of serious intellectual endeavor by a consciousness of the problem would enable one group of individuals to recover a social function and so refind themselves. And recovery by those with special intellectual gifts and equipment from their enforced social defection is at least a first step in a more general reconstruction that will bring integration out of disorder.

Accordingly, I do not wish my remarks about escape and withdrawal to be interpreted as if they were directed at any special group of persons. The flight of particular individuals is symptomatic of the seclusion of existing science, intelligence and art. The personal gap which, generally speaking, isolates the intellectual worker from the wage earner is symbolic and typical of a deep division of functions. This division is the split between theory and practice in actual operation. The effects of the split are as fatal to culture on the one side as on the other. It signifies that what we call our culture will continue to be, and in increased measure, a survival of inherited European traditions, and that it will not be indigenous. And if it is true, as some hold, that with the extension of machine technology and industrialism the whole world is becoming "Americanized," then the creation of an indigenous culture is no disservice to the traditional European springs of our spiritual life. It will signify, not ingratitude, but the effort to repay a debt.

The solution of the crisis in culture is identical with the recovery of composed, effective and creative individuality. The harmony of individual mind with the realities of a civilization made outwardly corporate by an industry based on technology does not signify that individual minds will be passively molded by outward social conditions. When the patterns that form individuality of thought and desire are in line with actuating social forces, that individuality will be released for creative effort. Originality and uniqueness are not opposed to social nurture; they are saved by it from eccentricity and escape. The positive and constructive energy of individuals, as manifested in the remaking and redirection of social forces and conditions, is itself a social necessity. A new culture expressing the possibilities immanent in a machine and material civilization will release whatever is distinctive and potentially creative in individuals, and individuals thus freed will be the constant makers of a continuously new society.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Stationary Engineer

IN HIS little news shop on Main Street Elmer Durkin was observing, after his genial fashion, the anniversary of the coming of the new era in American government. He was joined in these exercises by Chester A. Donner, who had closed his drug store for the night and was gradually going home. Elmer read with relish the Seven Labors of Herbert, as set forth by Senator Fess, the eminent forth-setter.

"Get a load of these deeds, Chet. I count them over every one apart. Farm relief, tariff, law enforcement, stabilizing business, pacifying Haiti, Latin American friendship and the London naval conference. That's the scenario, Chester—a tough year's work, I'm here to tell you. Not mentioning Uncle Charley Hughes, two fires and a sailfish."

Mr. Donner considered these heroic works for a moment.

"You have," he said, "a rotten disposition."

"Of course, none of these features is clicking so pretty up to yet," Elmer admitted. "They're just blueprints; those old engineering blueprints. Wheat is pulling down around ninety-five cents a throw, F. O. B. red barn out behind Keokuk. The tariff bill is stuck in the mud, it may be for weeks and it may be forever. Law enforcement is hitting about .007 and business is limping along with a charley-horse in every dog. Our little chocolate buddies down in Haiti are all set to give us the bum's rush, and we are still an agony in every neck south of the Rio Grande. The London confab is as horizontal as a British heavyweight. Still you've got to hand Herby credit for going after the hot ones. Something attempted, nothing done, has earned a bunch of pansies from Simeon."

"He got some bad breaks," suggested the pharmacist.

"Including some that he rolled himself. Take the tariff bobble as per example. If he had slipped Congress the lowdown last June just what kind of a racket he'd put the oke on and nothing else but, he'd have got away with anything short of mayhem. You know how it is, Chet; a guy who has just mopped up forty states packs a mean wallop. He

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did give them the works on farm relief and he got action. At least he drew a bill that relieved everybody except the farmers.

"But when the Hawley thing came out of the Longworks it collected enough brickbats to build a tariff wall around Pennsylvania. Along about then our Herbert pulled a Cautious Cal and made out he was a mystery story. The boys tried to loosen him up as they parked their double chins around the breakfast bacon, but he went broad-minded on them. Let your conscience be your guide, he said, only make it limited. And snappy.

"What that bought him was a summer full of ruin. The progressocrats put the kayo on everything Smoot could show. All our hero could do was to sit in the engine room fiddling with the gadgets and filling the scenery full of commissions. He had lost his control and his goat. By September he had lost everything but his hair shirt.

"And then what did grand old prosperity do but up and bust on him. After all the nice things he had said about it. Was that a bitter pill? No larger than a medicine ball."

"He did some good work there," said Mr. Donner.

"He did, at that, though I wouldn't want to be the bird to warble that to four or five million bozos who are pounding the concrete looking for a meal ticket. Anyhow, it was sure a tough jam for a statesman who got elected on the slogan 'Everything jake.'

"The next thing that comes out of the fog is naval reduction. There was a job that was right down the Great Humanitarian's alley. Most all of us could string with him on that. He and Brother Ramsay sat sweet and chummy on a log, swapped smokes and sank admirals all afternoon. I got me an earful of the Big Chief on Armistice Day and he sounded swell even on Doc Horner's Democratic raddio. Here was where Herby could shoot the roll and get back into the important money.

"Just another pipe dream. All the news that comes across the big drink is sour. I hope I'm all wet, but it looks as if the best we'd draw is a license to build a flock of new shooting ships. The dope is that he could frame a little dicker with France that would salve everybody up and pull something out of the wreck, but all he can hear is the Senate sharpening up the old tomahawk. The presidential dogs have gone cold again. Believe me, it was a boner to let those burglars annex the White House nanny."

A whimsical thought came to cheer Elmer in his hour of grief.

"Here's a goofy one, Chester. Play this over on your funny bone. We've got the Happy Warrior trying to build a skyscraper and a stationary engineer trying to run a Congress. How did we ever get that way?"

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

AS THE primaries approach it grows clearer that the grandeur of the Grand Old Party is a thing largely of the imagination and of the past. Everywhere you look it is in trouble. As the Hoover political advisers, if any, survey the situation, there must come over them a feeling of depression at the bawdy struggles going on among the regulars and the absence of that spirit of harmony and coöperation which it was the avowed political strategy of the Hoover administration to promote. In New York, where the unskilled Mills-Maier-Pratt combination, representing the White House, is making crude attempts to reorganize the party machinery, the condition of the organization has become pathetic. Despite the fact that, as the noble James Watson, so-called "majority leader" in the Senate, would say, Mr. Roosevelt as Governor is no "living ball of fire," slight hope is cherished in Republican bosoms of "redeeming" the state by defeating him in the fall. Actually, the Republicans are experiencing difficulty in finding a man not obviously fifth-rate for the nomination. Among Democrats of the Tammany type here in Washington, who have no love for their present Governor and compare him unfavorably with the flaming Al, the belief is that he will be reëlected by a 200,000 majority as compared with his 20,000 of 1928. This feeling is due partly to the fact that it is an off year, but mainly to the utter ineptitude and inertia and disintegration of the Republican organization. Thus, in the greatest state in the Union, we find the Republican party practically prostrate before the man most likely to be the Democratic opponent of Mr. Hoover in 1932, unable to put up a real fight against him, and virtually yielding him the kind of majority calculated to build him up as a presidential candidate.

Turning to New Jersey, instead of the problem of that state being solved by the White-House-promoted candidacy of Mr. Morrow, whose presence in the Senate was to be such a source of strength to the administration and whose powers as a pacifier were to bring together the warring factions there, we find things in a fierce muddle. Instead of being cowed by the Morrow prestige and reduced to impotency by the formidable if not very savory political combination behind him, we find the Hon. Joseph P. Frelinghuysen battling like a wild man. He refuses to be tossed aside. He refuses to take his beating lying down. When the Hon. Mr. Dwight returns from London, regardless of the laurels he brings with him, he will find a sweet mess in his home state. He will find old Joe Frelinghuysen with his blood up and plenty of ammunition, firing from the hip. From what they tell me here, Mr. Morrow in all probability will win over his opponent; but not easily, not without considerable embarrassment and an activity which he had been informed would be unnecessary. His real embarrassment will come after the primaries, not before. After the primaries he will face a Democratic opponent whose simple but appealing platform, like that of the late Edwards, will consist of those magic words, "I am as wet as the Atlantic Ocean." In the Wettest state of the Union it is easy to conceive that this will put Mr. Morrow, notwithstanding his prestige as

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Mexican Ambassador, former partner of Morgan, naval conference delegate and friend of Coolidge, in a pretty tough spot indeed. He cannot be "as wet as the Atlantic Ocean" without repudiating the Hoover administration. And, anyhow, he is nothing like that wet. There are a number of good Jersey politicians of both parties in this vicinity who cherish the view that the Wet Democrat may defeat a Moist Morrow, and will surely defeat a Dry Morrow. Altogether, viewed from the Republican angle, the Jersey situation is nothing to cheer about.

The reverberations of regular Republican discord in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Illinois are plainly heard here, and to the White House the listening is anything but pleasant. There is a threat to the administration in all three. For example, in Massachusetts, another genuinely Wet state, a Wet Democrat will run for the Senate against a Republican who at best can be merely moist. And being merely moist means that neither side on the great question of prohibition will love him. Further, the Republican candidate, whoever he may be, will have been through a primary contest sure to leave sore spots. Of course, if William Morgan Butler, the former Coolidge campaign manager and Senator, gets away with the nomination, it will be what in pugilistic circles is known as a "set-up." It is a mystery to me—and to many others—how, after his unfortunate experience in 1926, with prosperity flowing and everything favorable to the Republican side, Mr. Butler can think that, with the picture reversed, he can now win. He is quite alone in that notion.

Of course, in Pennsylvania and Illinois the general-election threat to the G. O. P. is not so pronounced. Nevertheless it is there. For instance, in the latter state the hot contest between the pudgy Deneen and his determined feminine opponent, Mrs. McCormick, seems to open the door of hope to that resplendent Democratic figure, James Hamilton Lewis, whose raiment, whiskers and eloquence did so much a decade ago to color the Senate scene, now so drab and dreary. Personally, I do not take much stock in the idea that J. Hamilton can "come back." It seems to me a little too much to expect of the heavily Republican state that Illinois has now become. However, it is undoubtedly true that some exceedingly practical fellows conversant with the Illinois situation think there is a real chance. Their argument is that in addition to the disaffection resulting from the heat of the primary, the dissatisfaction with the Hoover administration and the general Democratic trend, there is the pregnant and outstanding fact that both Senator Deneen and Mrs. McCormick are avowed Drys, while James Hamilton is appealingly Wet.

In the light of this experience, it is asked, why cannot J. Hamilton win? He is a peach of a campaigner. He will be hampered neither by religious prejudice nor by the unhelpful reputation of a machine boss. And Wet sentiment is far stronger and more militant now than before. Why can't he win? There does not seem to be an adequate answer, and I concede the plausibility of the presentation, though I am not wholly convinced. At any rate there is enough in it to make the situation interesting. Of course the prospect that the organization in Pennsylvania is headed for another bitter fight with the Grundy-Mellon-Reed forces on one side and the Vare machine on the other does not offer opportunity for a Democrat. It does, however, offer considerable opportunity for embarrassing Mr. Hoover. In the 1926 primaries between Pepper and Vare it will be recalled that Mr. Mellon and David Reed bore down upon the good Calvin to such an extent that his idea of being neutral in that situation had to be abandoned. He did not make an open statement favoring the Mellon-Reed side, but the full weight of the presidential influence was used in their behalf. That a similar pressure will be exerted on Mr. Hoover this time is, I think, certain. Whether it will be as successful and satisfactory is another question. The chances are that Mr. Hoover will resist the pressure, remain really neutral, and by so doing, antagonize both sides and insure personal unfriendliness toward him on the part of whichever contestant is elected to the Senate. There is no space here to discuss the Republican troubles in other states—Rhode Island and Kentucky, for instance. All there is room to say is that not since 1910 has there been a more troubled Republican outlook for an off-year election. I do not think, of course, that the Democrats will gain control of either House or Senate. But it is indisputably plain that the Senate coalition will be stronger in the next Congress and that the Republican House majority will be reduced to the point where a House coalition is sure. If this is not a horrendous prospect for a great engineer with a handsome "constructive program" in mind, it is hard to think what would be.

Washington. T. R. B.

The Green Pastures

The Green Pastures, by Marc Connelly. Based on "Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun," by Roark Bradford. Mansfield Theater, February 26, 1930.

WE MUST try at the outset to gauge the credit that goes to Mr. Marc Connelly, who wrote "The Green Pastures," and to Mr. Roark Bradford, who wrote the stories from which the play arose.

It would be easy to give too much of the credit to Mr. Bradford for his origination of the whole material, or to Mr. Connelly for turning it to excellent theatrical uses. As a matter of fact, in an interesting way, the more credit is given to one of these authors, the more falls to the other. The basic interpretation of the Negro mind and spirit—the conception of God as a kind, all-clever, good-humored and indulgent father who likes life pleasant and people happy around him; the easy and casual business of the universe, the naïve vision of things in general—is Mr. Bradford's. He, on the other hand, is the most fortunate man in the world to have these qualities so understood, so often, though not always, kept, so unhurriedly and yet firmly molded into a story, a genuine dramatic sequence, by Mr. Marc Connelly. The device of starting off the mood and plausibility of the play by a Sunday school scene in which the children are hearing the lessons of sacred history; and the theme of the progress of God's career—from that first shiny heaven, full of his angels, all sinless, happy and hungry for fish-fries, singing and innocent pleasure, through the creation of man, who gives him a heap of trouble, and on, after the sight of man's suffering, to the thought that

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he must save the world of men by some suffering of his own—belong to Mr. Connelly. And yet all this is at least inherent in the material and spirit of the stories, and so brings the more glory to Mr. Bradford.

Leading the play thus, through numerous scenes and incidents that may sometimes appear merely casual and relaxed, on to a final summit, makes for the inclusion of many conceptions familiar in religious thought—that, for instance, of God needing man as man needs God—and by ending on that note of God's sacrifice through his own son, achieves a genuinely heroic and mystical level. And this is accomplished with no violation of the material of the book. Negroes, as I know them—I was brought up among them very near Mr. Bradford's own country—have Jesus as the center of their religion and close to their warm, childish hearts. There is God, the Devil and Blessed Jesus; the need for the saints and a Virgin to intervene between them and a stern judge and magical Satan is not felt. Their idea of the Father in Heaven makes such unnecessary. In Mr. Connelly's play, in Mr. Bradford's book and in Mr. Richard B. Harrison's portrayal of the Lawd, this figure of God, with his kindness, his tricks, his patience, pleasures and human troubles and ups and downs, is a remarkable interpretation of the whole soul of the people in the play; it is, in the finest sense, a creation of an idea in dramatic terms.

To all this the designs of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones for the many changing scenes have contributed a large share. None of the settings is callous, mechanical or bad, all are at least conceived with some imagination and done *con amore* and with variety of touch and invention. One scene is extraordinarily beautiful. The scene of the death of Moses, with that barren world of dust around him, the children of Israel marching past, all dust-colored too; Moses in the center of the stage; the passing farewell hands laid on his shoulder; his superb make-up and costume; the whole effect like an austere, magnificent Tintoretto—all this, together with the words, the picture of the children of Israel vanishing toward that promised land, which Moses has seen but cannot enter, the coming of God to lead his servant to that other eternal Promised Land, Moses' hand in the Lawd's, his head on the Lawd's breast, must have made the most impressive and beautiful scene that has come out of the American theater.

There are defects in "The Green Pastures" which the very excellence of so much of it makes more important. It is one of those instances of the theater art in which the dramatist must find it worth while to go on working at it, for the sake of a greater degree of perfection, no matter what public applause and box-office rewards are whizzing round his head. Mr. Connelly has taken this writing of Mr. Roark Bradford's (whose two delightful, sound, right and imaginative books, "Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys" and "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," must be already on their way to a long life) and added to it his own taste, theatrical ingenuity, imagination and lovely feeling; he may now watch his work, retouching it here and there as, clothed thus in the theater medium, it becomes more and more of a reality for him. Of the scenes in which the writing is bad, we may cite as the worst that where Cain, fleeing into a strange land of Nod, meets the gal who is to be his wife. As it is written now, with that detail of the kiss—which is not, as I have observed Negroes, a characteristic impulse or theme—with the dialogue stretched out into such a variety of more or less effective stage motives, with the dialect itself not convincing, the scene is a failure. In this case the story in the original is far sounder and better Negro psychology and imagination. As to the singing that separates the scenes all through "The Green Pastures," some of it needs shortening a little—as it goes now there was a good deal of talking in the audience during many of the songs—and all of it, if it is to be true for the ears who have heard all their lives the real thing in the South, needs the addition of some heavy voices: Negro basses and men's voices singing second. We do not now get the full, moving, unforgettable effect that the spirituals can give. That applies to the truth of the singing taken as a fact racially. Taking the spirituals as a part of this work of art at the Mansfield Theater, I should say that they are sometimes much too apropos. At the last moment, for example, when the Lawd sits in his chair surrounded by the heavenly hosts, and the idea springs into his mind of his own necessity for suffering, the spiritual sung is—quite rightly—about Jesus; but sounds too like a choir, in the first place—which is true of most of the singing throughout the evening—and in the second place, it bursts out with all the appropriate comment of an oratorio and, worse luck, the enthusiasm of an oratorio finale. There are many spirituals with Jesus as the theme, and a simple effect of these Negroes bursting into one of them, childlike, apropos only by the roundabout course of the heart, emotionally appropriate but not so obviously so, would be far truer to the racial material and much more disarming and moving.

The greatest complaint I have against this production of "The Green Pastures," however, is the employment of a cast made up almost wholly of mulattoes, many of them close to white. This might do for the angels, perhaps, since they might be dreamt of as celestial fair people, and on the same basis it might do for God. But a pale, straight-haired Eve, a pale yellow wife for Cain, all this, in throwing away the Negro quality, throws away something very pathetic and right and necessary. More than half of the company have a more or less Negro voice and accent, but nothing true and warm from the South; and most of their movements are sharpened with their voices, and this, too, is a sad blight on the occasion. Most Negroes are good acting mediums, but hardly actors at all. The company on the whole, however, acted better than the usual colored group of the serious stage. Mr. Tutt Whitney's Noah was fair enough, Mr. Wesley Hill's Gabriel capital. As the Lawd, Mr. Richard B. Harrison gave a performance that was always right, intelligent, simple and fine.

I must say, finally, that we can thank Mr. Connelly and Mr. Bradford for what they have done about the Negro. We have had too many of those portrayals of the Negro for his primitive color and impulse, his sexual powers, his heat and alluring animality—too often writings that insult the subject and reflect the repressions and complexes of the author. It is time to hear more of their fancy, humor and patience, their devotion, easy temper and rich sensuous gifts, their lazy and imaginative love of life and their simple, natural goodness.

STARK YOUNG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Registration of Aliens

SIR: The bills introduced into both houses of the United States Congress calling for the registration of aliens, identical in principle and purpose, are a reflection upon the sensibilities of all progressive thinking American citizens. The bills under discussion, if passed, would introduce the discredited and outworn European system of espionage, efforts to establish which in the past have been vigorously condemned by enlightened and forward looking men and women of all races and religious groups. . . . It is to be hoped that the progressive forces which in 1926 defeated the attempts to force alien registration upon the country will now rally to an equally vigorous battle against present day attempts. At the conference held in New York on January 9, 1926, Governor Alfred E. Smith, Federal Judge Augustus N. Hand, Mr. Sherwood Eddy, Senator Royal S. Copeland, the late Hon. Oscar S. Straus, Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, clearly and emphatically aligned themselves against alien registration. Walter Lippmann, now Editor of The New York World, in an illuminating address characterized the then pending legislation as "burdensome, meddlesome and unenforceable as a law." The description applies with equal force to the bills now before Congress.

It is difficult to reconcile the endorsement of either voluntary or compulsory registration with any progressive minded individual or organization. In this connection the statement of William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, expressing its endorsement of voluntary registration, which is patently only an entering wedge, is as astonishing as it is a distinct and decided departure from the former attitude of the Federation.

In a report of the Executive Council presented to the Convention of the Federation held in Atlantic City on October 5 to 16, 1925, it was said:

> A bill for the registration and finger printing of the 8,000,000 aliens now in the United States and all who come hereafter was introduced in the last session of the Sixty-eighth Congress by Representative Aswell of Louisiana.

After describing the bill in all its objectionable aspects, the report concluded by saying:

> It is inconceivable that the American Congress will seriously consider legalizing an elaborate system of espionage, such as this measure contemplates; nevertheless we earnestly urge upon the Executive Council a continuation of its opposition, so that this dangerous proposition, anti-Union and anti-American in principle, will not be written into law.

Needless to say this report of the Council was unanimously adopted by the delegates in convention assembled.

Mr. Green's predecessor, the late Mr. Samuel Gompers, whom the Federation never ceases to extol and to honor, writing on the subject to Mr. Max J. Kohler, said:

> The American Federation of Labor is opposed to the registration of aliens proposal. If foreigners who come to this country are Germanized, it will not be long before the citizens of the United States will be compelled to register. Then will follow the finger printing of every citizen, as suggested by Mr. W. J. Burns.

Whatever misguided attitude may now be taken by the Federation of American Labor or other organized groups, which are apparently losing step with the march of human progress, it is unthinkable that the great masses of intelligent, liberty-loving and far-sighted Americans of all persuasions and points of view, will permit the enactment of prejudice, groundless fear and intolerance into law. The fundamental institutions of our country continue to be too deeply revered to permit of such misinterpretation of our moral standards and ideals.

New York City. BERNARD G. RICHARDS.

Miscegenation

SIR: Senator Heflin is passionately aroused because the state of New York refuses to misuse its authority to prevent the marriage of a white person and a Negro. He holds that the Empire State is disgraced, but true to type he is silent concerning the preponderant responsibility of the South for the more than four million descendants of such unions. Of course in the "moral" South the offspring cannot be legitimate, and the mother remains without protection, while in "immoral" New York a mulatto is likely to be a legitimate child and its mother may be given the full protection and recognition of the law. And this, in the eyes of our noble protector of purity in the United States, is a "disgusting and deplorable situation"! The Senator is on the warpath to have a law passed that will lift the immoral North to the standards of the moral South. "Shame on those in authority who will permit such pollution of the blood!" he cries in that pleasant way of his.

It is really too bad that the laws of nature take no cognizance of the laws made by man. It would be so comforting to believe that the mere passing of a law by the legislature would relieve the human race of all the evils of miscegenation. Of course, the strong probability is that these evils are not so terrible as the fiery Senator would have it. The chances are that Franz Boas knows what he is talking about rather than Lothrop Stoddard or others of the Heflin-minded.

The Senator's tender heart breaks at the spectacle of a white father and a white mother weeping freely over the terrible humiliation that has come to their daughter. But he has no tears to spare for the grief-stricken parents of hundreds and thousands of colored daughters who have been forced into dishonorable relations with the noble white man of the South. He foams at the mouth over the "all-important question of preserving the integrity of our race," and yet the people he represents have for many decades been busier destroying that integrity than any other people on the face of the globe.

Have we not had enough of this pseudo-morality? Enough of this pseudo-idealism which is blind to disagreeable facts? Is the South in reality rising no higher than to be truly represented by its ridiculous Senator?

New York City. ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

Should America Be Included?

SIR: In your issue of February 19 it is stated in a very interesting editorial that "there is little doubt that international hatred is fostered, both in Europe and America, by the teaching of history in the public schools." Illustrations are taken from a collection called "Lies and Hate in Education," a study of English and Continental textbooks made by Mark Starr and published in London. Your editorial concludes that "In poor little Austria alone—or rather, in the almost-Socialist Vienna—is there a definite attempt to prevent the growth of national hate—and what about the United States? Our country, as it happens, is not included in the book; and this is not for any lack of damaging evidence."

Having been for a quarter of a century active in writing and editing historical textbooks for our high schools and colleges, I think that the United States was not included for the simple reason that our high-school and college manuals would not be found to contain many lies or many suggestions of national antipathy. After the emotional relapse, due to our participation in the World War, one can easily perceive a definite effort to lessen international hatred, and emphasize the essential comity of the peoples of the earth. Anyone can easily satisfy himself that our country should not be included in your statement that "teachers all over Europe and America—many of them under protest, it must be said—are busily manufacturing the war mentality of twenty years hence." I should say on the contrary that of all the efforts to cultivate peace and understanding among nations the best of our historical manuals are the most potent instrument yet devised. Undoubtedly some of the secondary-school histories still contain obnoxious statements.

New York City. JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

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Modern Architecture

Modern Architecture: Romanticism and Reintegration, by Henry Russell Hitchcock, Jr. New York: Payson and Clarke. 251 pages. 58 illustrations. $5.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL HITCHCOCK'S "Modern Architecture" is the first work of importance to appear on this subject in English; and it will, I think, rank in scholarship and general grasp with the best works that have so far appeared in either French or German.

Mr. Hitchcock takes architecture from the middle of the eighteenth century, when the true baroque was waning, when a frigid classicalism was elegantly confining itself to a lean formula, and when an impetuous romanticism was beginning to stir in vague, murky dreams of a richer past, and he carries his subject from that day of endings and beginnings down to the present decade, which also, in quite another way, seems a time when the old and the new part. Mr. Hitchcock's aim is to account for the historical disintegration out of which modern architecture has arisen, and to distinguish the purged romanticism, which forms the most conspicuous half of the modern movement in America, from the clean if didactic forms that have been erected in Europe since 1920.

Almost the whole of the first half of "Modern Architecture" is devoted to an analysis of Romanticism, a movement which reached its intellectual formulation in 1857 in G. G. Scott's work on Gothic architecture. Then comes an account of the transition, marked by tentative experiments towards a rational, non-imitative architecture in the Bon Marché department store in Paris, 1876, the Eiffel Tower, 1888, and in the revival of English domestic architecture, which began with William Morris's Red House in 1859. This transition issues finally into the two main streams of the modern movement—the work of the New Traditionalists, who sought to continue the spirit, but not the letter of the past, and that of those whom Mr. Hitchcock calls the New Pioneers, the architects who specifically rely upon new material and new methods of workmanship; who celebrate the direct influence of the machine; and who cast aside every vestige of ornament, traditional or otherwise. In America the new traditionalists like Louis Sullivan and Bertram Goodhue must not be confused with the old imitators, like McKim and White; and so, too, New Pioneers like Le Corbusier must not be mixed up with sub-esthetic innovators in factory architecture who also discarded ornament and embraced the machine—but made no claim to having achieved a new beauty.

Mr. Hitchcock devotes the second half of his book to tracing the rise and development of these schools in both Europe and America, and by a combination of encyclopedic learning and critical discrimination he puts the reader in possession of a vast quantity of highly significant material on the development of modern building, and, incidentally, of modern taste. While I differ from Mr. Hitchcock on certain important points, I can give nothing but praise for the spacious way in which he has opened up his subject. He has the gift of putting even familiar materials into unfamiliar juxtapositions, and more than once he condenses a whole page of criticism into a pungent aphorism, as when he says, "It is better that ornament should definitely die than that it should continue to introduce into architecture focal points of decay." One part of a huge and difficult task Mr. Hitchcock has accomplished not only with ability but also with distinction—that part which deals with the origins of modern architecture in Romanticism, and in the contemporary reaction against Romanticism.

The conceptual side of design is a little overstressed, perhaps, at the expense of another equally potent element in modern architecture, namely, the influence of industrialism and multiple production and engineering itself as the sources of modern form. Since it is very difficult to piece together an adequate account of the development of modern engineering, particularly from the esthetic side, this aspect of architecture badly needs further documentation; and unfortunately Mr. Hitchcock devotes to it only a chapter. Had Mr. Hitchcock gone a little further along this line, it is possible that he would have felt a little more keenly the traditional nature of the New Pioneers themselves, since their rejections, if not their positive achievements, in glass and ferro-concrete, were already embodied in Edinburgh tenements in the seventeenth century and have become a stable ingredient of "barracks architecture" ever since.

Then, too, if the New Pioneers are less new and prophetic than Mr. Hitchcock would have them, the New Traditionalists are likewise less traditional; indeed, Mr. Hitchcock's determination to keep Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright in that department is worthy of Procrustes himself; and it shows, I believe, the inevitably arbitrary nature of his classification; for, as I have pointed out elsewhere, it is far more correct to consider Mr. Wright as the successor of the New Pioneers, who carried their elementary innovations to a further stage of expression, than it is to look upon him as a precursor. In feeling, there was far more of the New Pioneer in John Root's Monadnock Building than there was in the subsequent work of Wright and Sullivan; and one suspects that terms like the New Traditionalist and the New Pioneer describe stable aspects of the modern spirit, rather than schools of thought that follow in succession, as Renaissance philosophy followed that of the Schoolmen.

Mr. Hitchcock himself is not altogether unaware of the difficulty. In fact, he attempts to rationalize his schematic abruptness by creating a special esthetic theory, according to which the New Traditionalists deal in mass, while the New Pioneers are interested only in the economic bounding of volume. This seems to me a specious distinction, since every building possesses both aspects—that of volume when its evolution is considered outward from room to wall, and that of mass, when one works inward from shell, roof and silhouette. The lack of consideration for the second aspect may explain the flat and meager aspect of some typical New Pioneer façades, in which the draperies at the window seem to have more strength, as a result of light and shadow, than the reinforced concrete wall; but if I am right in thinking that this is a defect, Mr. Hitchcock must be wrong in planting it down as the esthetic basis of the new architecture. The categories which Mr. Hitchcock has invented have a tendency to become rigid distinctions, which he uses not merely to describe past moments of thought and practice, but to circumscribe future ones. In the long run, neither life nor architecture can be described and subjected in this manner. The last decade in Europe, like the eighteen-eighties in Chicago—but, of course, much more comprehensively and critically—cleared the ground for a sound modern architecture. The error of the moment is to mistake the clearance for the architecture; and whatever comes of the work of the New Pioneers, one can be fairly sure that it will be a form which will not demand the heroic renunciations and asceticisms peculiar to the phase of pioneering. Man does not live by ferro-concrete alone; and when *die neue Sächlichkeit* is firmly established, it will not fear a touch of the imagination.

But I cannot leave "Modern Architecture" with the note of criticism uppermost. Mr. Hitchcock's work will

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advance the cause of a sound modern architecture in America. His scholarship combines the historic wealth of the New Traditionalists with the boldness in facing and appraising contemporary fact that characterizes the New Pioneers. In short, his example is a refutation of his own errors.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Twin Monsters

The Two Frontiers: A Study in Historical Psychology, by John Gould Fletcher. New York: Coward-McCann. 377 pages. $3.

THIS BOOK is closely allied to a type of historical essay popular among French writers since Montesquieu or even the earlier "Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle." It is not formally documented history, and it should not be criticized as such. Within its limits it is provocative, and at times profound. There is a good deal of valuable criticism of American culture thrown off by the way, apart from an imaginative framework of ideas in which one cannot quite believe.

The framework is ingenious; it is the kind of speculative generalization familiar in writers like Renan, Valéry and Remy de Gourmont. Russia and America have become the two frontiers of Europe; they are the upper and nether millstones about to crush civilization as we have known it in the past. Now civilization may be viewed in two aspects—the will to land and the will to power. In America the will to land or property opposes the Russian will to power. Russia represents a monstrous development of supernatural and religious unity in the will to power, unchecked by the responsibilities of place, land, property. The American mind, being without a religious principle of unity, achieves the false unity of uniformity in the common land obsession: "belief" is unimportant but "conduct" is all, since uniformity of conduct is necessary to the mystical security of property. Standardization is the result, and the decline of European individualism with its capacity for disinterested thought. The Russian mind, however, ignores "conduct" and exalts "belief," and is thus irresponsible; individualism becomes anarchism, or nihilism. For the Russian, lacking the moral sense, which is chiefly the bulwark of the property obsession, falls into vague expansiveness, as the American Humanists define the word.

This individualism, says Mr. Fletcher, is as unsound as the American brand. Americans in order to be individuals reject their national conduct in the pursuit of a unifying system of beliefs. The Russian repudiates the purely supernatural unity of his life in the futile effort to acquire the sense of place and property, and the concrete way of life that sense brings with it. Both impulses make for disorder. Both attitudes are unbalanced because the one is irresponsible where the other is bound. The Russian village is a supernatural community of riotous souls, while the American town is an inarticulate group of morally conforming sophists. Whether this is true of Russia I am not competent to say. It is penetrating criticism of the American spirit.

But, at this point, Mr. Fletcher has only begun: he is, in fact, about to indulge an excess of historical imagination. He is not content to state the contrast in cultures; he must explain how it came about. Since America and Russia each have a lop-sided vice, which seems to be the vice of the other reversed, they must, therefore, have had an identical history. There is a complete historical parallel. There is the American race of mixed Europeans fused by environment, and there is the Russian race made up of Slavs, Tartars, East Europeans, similarly fused. There are Washington and Catherine the Great; Irving and Pushkin; Hawthorne and Gogol; Whitman and Tolstoy; Melville and Dostoievsky. But here the very bed of Procrustes groans, and it will not bear the added strain of parallel politics and economics. However, if the rigid literary analogies are taken loosely as studies in comparative literature, the reader is often rewarded. The discussion of Tolstoy and Whitman is probably our best brief analysis of their contributions to modern literature. Mr. Fletcher's conception of Whitman's influence on American culture is original and profound.

The book is a prose "Waste Land," or perhaps a "City of Dreadful Night"; it is far more impressive imaginatively than the poem of that name. Europe having been absorbed by America, the twin monsters will devour each other. Western civilization will fall. Western man is trapped—a thesis very difficult to refute. But meanwhile it is more pleasant to suspect that he is trapped here in the historical theories of Oswald Spengler and H.-A. Taine.

ALLEN TATE.

Promontories and Gardens

Leaves of Wild Grape, by Helen Hoyt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 112 pages. $2.

A Cedar Box, by Robert Nathan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 48 pages. $1.50.

HELEN HOYT has, if not a philosophical mind, a philosophical outlook. And by this I mean simply that she is aware that the external world in some way is a projection of the internal world. About the toys that a child has taken up, she says:

> Animals of no life they march through the lifeless room,
> Moved with the movement of your hands; small as your hands—
> Along the narrow ledge, across the window sill—
> They, and your imagination of them, and your hands
> Are all that is alive, alight, in the lonely dark room!

and in another poem,

> Saw the blue mountain ranges, one behind the other,
> Like unknown events, stupendous happenings, far off,
> Yet drawing near and near; knew an uplifting out of childhood
> Into something beyond childhood: a sense of separate life,
> Exhilaration of loneliness—ecstasy of height and distance.

These passages are not characteristic of "Leaves of Wild Grape." I merely notice them as revealing that the primitiveness of many of the poems is a mode which has been acquired or reverted to.

"Leaves of Wild Grape" is about the begetting of a child and the first years of a child's infancy. The poems grouped around infancy are not nearly so good as the poems that go before. These are all fresh and strong. Helen Hoyt for what she has to say in the first sections of "Leaves of Wild Grape" has found a form that is like the litanies and the invocations in a rite—a form full of repetition and urgency. It appears to be akin to certain Indian chants, but it might be derived from Walt Whitman. This poetry is all immediate experience, and so has

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not the range of poetry that comes from casual promptings and intimations. But it has range—a range from desire to tenderness. I like it best when, as in one of the longer poems that is named "Of Joseph and Mary," it passes into tenderness. Here is a passage which I think is very moving:

> Be with me close in Bethlehem,
> Where there are inns to ask at, strangers jostling,
> The manger and the rolls of swaddling clothes to be made ready,
> And Herod's threatening to be outwitted
> And all the constellations watched for signs,
> And the dark hour of travail overhangs—
> Close, like a stifling cloud—
> When I crouch down at last between sheep and sheep,
> Like any bleating ewe straining upon the ground,
> Be then the shepherd, Joseph, with succoring hands,
> Eyes full of strength, arms tautening my arms;
> Your shoulders more soft to my tired shoulders
> Than any cloud, or down of angel-wings.

The triumph she attains to in the first section of "Leaves of Wild Grape" is in a kind of impersonality. A less accomplished poet might have made these poems so personal that we could read them only with a certain embarrassment. Helen Hoyt gets beyond the personal by actually being impersonal—by taking herself as part of nature, something close to the hills and stones, by hardly dwelling upon the slighter episodes of courtship, and by using in three of the poems, "The White Leopard," "The Cave" and "The Vial," a vigorous and easily understood symbolism. This impersonality, perhaps, has been gained through her philosophical outlook—the outlook through which she is aware that the mountains and rivers, the one loved, and even the passions that possess one, are, to some degree, mental constructions. Her man in other surroundings is not her man:

> You are there, you know those shores,
> You have walked on the rocky edges,
> You have bathed in that river;
> But I am not there; wholly strange to me are those mountains,
> I am lost to you in the flowing of that water.

The poems grouped around the child do not seem to me to come out of as deep a life as the poems in the first part of the book. Some are charming, but there are some that have a touch of sentimentality—something remarkably absent from the poems in the first part. Perhaps the difference is that between being possessed and possessing.

As a poet Robert Nathan has not an absolutely sure touch: occasionally in his verse one detects a fumbling. Thus, there is a sonnet, otherwise excellent, in which we read "steeds of the night had broken from their nest." A nest is not a place for steeds to lair in, and even if the word did not go with the habitations of creatures less ponderous than steeds, it would not have been the right word in that particular sonnet; being about "stormy breasted stallions," the lines demand weighty and far-fetched terms. The same unsureness is shown sometimes in the use of rhymes that are quite outworn. It is a great pity, this occasional unsureness in his verses, for Robert Nathan has a poet's imagination. In the present slender collection there are several pieces that are real and distinctive achievements. The poem entitled "Noah," for instance, says a great deal in twelve unemphatic lines. The third sonnet, "Youth Sets There with the Sun," and the ninth, "Thebes and Jerusalem Are in Your Eyes," are again unemphatic and again very full. There is a good deal about the hills in these poems, but the place one feels around one as one reads them is a city park or garden in the twilight of a relaxed day, when one sees a city under a melancholy haze, and looks on a fountain beside which two have stood together for the last time. Ernest Dowson has walked here after Verlaine. And yet to have been in the place, to be aware of the melancholy of the hour, is an experience.

PADRAIC COLUM.

American Prosperity

Prosperity: Fact or Myth, by Stuart Chase. New York: Charles Boni. 188 pages. $.75.

STUART CHASE is anything but a yes-man. A conspicuous part of his following, however, is among those who most long to be yessed.

That America has been undergoing some changes of late few intelligent observers will deny. But to understand those changes requires some thinking: it is easier, if not more enlightening, to make up one's mind beforehand whether one likes the change or not, and then to confine one's study thereafter to finding reasons in support of the conclusion.

And Stuart Chase, about as clear-minded an observer as we have just now, has been a great comfort to the opposition. With actual facts, not with mere razzberries and menckenisms, he has come pretty near proving that the Kingdom of Heaven has not yet arrived, and that its advent may even be delayed indefinitely unless somebody does something about it. Those who have wanted facts to support the way they have always felt, have naturally been thankful, particularly since Chase has not always been above giving his facts a slight razzberry flavor.

Actually, Chase has done a great service to Big Business. He is a kicker and a fault-finder, at a time when business needs to know exactly what the trouble is. The Hallelujah Chorus has not served Big Business very well. It hasn't convinced the farmers that they are prosperous, nor all the people of Middletown that they are blissfully happy. On the other hand, it has kept Big Business in a complacent mood at a time when the last thing it could afford was complacency.

Chase's new book is an echo of two far more pretentious volumes: "Recent Economic Changes," edited by Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, and "Middletown," the extraordinary study of a modern, mid-western city done by Robert and Helen Lynd. Those who have not read either volume had better read Chase's book first. His biggest contribution consists of four clear-cut definitions of prosperity, and the juxtaposition of each definition against the facts which stick out from these two great surveys. In the main, it seems to this reviewer, he shows that this much-touted prosperity of ours is missing regularly on at least two cylinders and not running as it might on at least one of the others.

He is not wholly convincing at every point, but that is not important. That farming is not a mere industry but a "way of life" is a contention which, it seems to me, he did not prove. I concede that it used to be a way of life, and that the tradition is still strong enough to present many obstacles to industrialization of agriculture; but in the great bout between industry and tradition, I am still betting on industry.

Nor do I think his position on "technological unemploy-

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ment" is unassailable. Granting that improved methods are throwing people out of work, and that there has been no intelligent movement yet to prevent the wreckage which inevitably ensues, it seems to me that the process is one of a gradual shift from unscientific and low-pay methods to those of more scientific and more lucrative production. We have not told the whole story when we observe that the employees of the less efficient organizations are thrown out of work and their purchasing power cut off—which tends to make business bad even for the more efficient organizations. For what is done thereafter must be done by the high-power, high-pay methods; and when those methods have come into general use, it seems to me, there will be an increase of purchasing power on the part of employees which will create more and more employment. But this is not a rosy outlook. In the first place, it is unpleasant to be out of work and starving, even for a couple of generations, even if one has ever so sound reasons for believing that things will turn out all right eventually. In the second place, as Mr. Chase does not permit us to forget, people want something more than things. They want "satisfactions," and they want a more abundant life.

As to those "satisfactions," I think it possible that Mr. Chase is doing more worrying than is necessary. He hints that the Incas had them to a greater degree than we, but when he comes to name them, I think he slips. What the Incas had was a civilization to which they had adjusted their thinking. What we have is an utterly new social set-up, and a line of traditional thinking and feeling which is, as yet, utterly at war with it. When we come to comprehend the machine civilization, and train our emotions on it, in the way, for instance, in which people used to train their emotions upon such interesting institutions as the Family and the Church, I see no reason to suppose that we will not get just as big a kick out of it as the Family and Church folks ever got. But they won't be the same old satisfactions; and to measure modern life by their absence seems to me not quite like Stuart Chase.

All told, though, it is an admirable book; and the fact that modern methods have made it possible to let us have this criticism of them for seventy-five cents instead of for three dollars should not deter anyone from buying it.

CHARLES W. WOOD.

Martyr and Fanatic

John Brown: The Making of a Martyr, by Robert Penn Warren. New York: Payson and Clarke. 474 pages. $5.

TO ADMIRERS of the Abolitionists, John Brown will always be a hero, for he carried Abolitionist principles to their furthest and most dramatic extreme. It is no accident that the most thorough and scholarly biography of the man is by a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison. The Great New Englanders filled with the Abolitionist spirit—Emerson, Whittier, Wendell Phillips—lost no time in apotheosizing Brown as their martyr; and under the spell of their eloquent words, historians long attributed to him more influence on events than he exerted. But today the Abolition movement is viewed with increasing coldness. It was to some extent useful in the thirties and early forties in helping to awaken an active moral repugnance to slavery and bring the question to the front. After that, much of it was a pernicious hysteria which hindered instead of helped the real movement against slavery—the free-soil movement led by Lincoln, Seward and Chase, which aimed at the immediate restriction and ultimate destruction of the slave system. It is entitled to very little real praise for freeing the Negro; it is entitled to less than none for the maintenance of the Union, which many Abolitionists would have rent asunder. As Abolitionist credit has fallen till, in such a book as Beveridge's "Lincoln," it approaches zero, the credit of John Brown has fallen also. His real historical importance was small.

Nevertheless, he remains an intensely interesting figure. Mr. Warren's capable volume drives a path almost midway between the hostile treatment by Mr. H. P. Wilson and the laudatory treatment by Mr. O. G. Villard. Mr. Wilson pictured John Brown as a crafty, unscrupulous soldier of fortune, an adventurer who gambled with the money and lives of other men merely to gain riches and fame, and did not halt at the meanest crimes. In Mr. Villard's far abler and more careful book, he is pictured as an enthusiast whose motives were wholly unselfish, who aimed always at the freeing of a race; who committed murder at Pottawatomie and other crimes elsewhere, but who atoned at Harper's Ferry by the nobility of his philosophy and by his sublime readiness to give his life for his principles. Mr. Wilson oversimplified John Brown's character and motives; Mr. Villard seemed to many to take too much the position of Brown's pleader. To weigh the evidence on both sides and attempt to render impartial judgment was a useful enterprise.

Mr. Warren is severe on John Brown. He is much harsher than Mr. Villard, harsher even than Rhodes, in dealing with Brown's misdeeds—his embezzlements or at least reckless carelessness with his employers' money, his chicanery, his cruelty, his bloody violence. Yet his final verdict is not very different from that of such cool writers as Rhodes. The crux of the matter is the question of Brown's sincerity. Many of the acts which he committed were atrociously wrong—there is no doubt of that. The chief aim he kept in view, the freeing of the slaves, had moral grandeur—there is equally little doubt of that. Was he sincere in holding that his noble end justified his ignoble means? Mr. Warren answers this by saying that he was no hypocrite, but a man of enormous and criminal egotism. He was convinced that he was an instrument of Providence, that his will was God's will, that God had said to him, as to Joshua and Gideon, "Go forth and slay." He stole money, but not for himself, for he lived like an anchorite—it was for his cause. He killed innocent men, again for his cause. Mr. Warren, almost in spite of himself, admits that he always had an inner conviction that he was right. It did not fail him when he sat in his Virginia cell reading for the last time his cheap Bible.

> From the time when inflamed eyes stopped his ambition of becoming a minister—the usual career of the more intelligent and ambitious frontier youth—until the time when he rode a murdered man's horse out of the Pottawatomie valley, every effort had ended in some unpredictable failure. Superb energy, honesty, and fraud, chicanery, charity, thrift, endurance, cruelty, conviction, murder and prayer—they all had failed, only to leave him surer than before that he was right and that his plans were "right in themselves."

In short, he was a fanatic. Mr. Warren is no doubt right in saying that he was not insane, and was as responsible for his deeds as are the general run of those we call criminals. But what other men regarded as crimes he regarded as the execution of a divine mandate.

Apart from this reading of Brown's character, and its brisk and dependably accurate recital of Brown's career,

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Mr. Warren's book is notable for its interpretation of the last act in the grim fanatic's life. His raid at Harper's Ferry is interpreted by Mr. Villard as primarily a foray for the liberation of slaves, without intention of causing a general slave insurrection. Mr. Warren believes that it was a good deal more than a foray. He concludes that Brown hoped and expected not merely to bring about a servile revolt, but to hasten the imminent conflict between North and South. His raid was to be the spark which should cause the whole border to blaze up as Kansas had blazed in 1856, and should lead to a general war. Necessarily he could not make any elaborate plans. But his scheme was not to take a few slaves and retreat to the Maryland hills; it was to seize the arsenal, arm hundreds of Negroes, march southward organizing the blacks, and wait for the aroused North to follow him. This theory is hard to reconcile with some of Brown's own statements, but Mr. Warren believes he made these statements in order to lead on his men till they could not turn back. If so, this was an insanely impracticable scheme, but also one of striking grandiosity. Mr. Warren's theory gives to the last great coup of John Brown a breadth and daring that lift it to a new dignity.

ALLAN NEVINS.

Spider Web, by Marjorie Worthington. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

IN THE New York of the eighties and nineties Hedwig Mendelsohn was the Tsar of the millinery "racket," making a fortune downtown by the sale of artificial flowers, ostrich plumes and glass grapes, living in a mansion in Mount Morris Park. The continuance of the imperialistic instinct after the loss of her fortune gave Miss Worthington the material for an engrossing story. A nature less cogent than old Hedwig's in the poor flat in Harlem would have become merely a mother-in-law, but twenty years of robust invalidism and dependence on the little Russian salesmen becomes for her another opportunity to boss, humiliate and torture the "poor weaklings" who compose her *ménage*. Every character in the book is alive, but the only one we could endure knowing in the flesh is Miriam, who in her feministic independence is the one most like her grandmother. As a story, "Spider Web" has just one fault—old Hedwig should have suffered with asthma, as most enormous and disagreeable old women have a tendency to do, rather than with the painless *angina pectoris*.

W. T.

Contributors

LEWIS MUMFORD, essayist and critic, has written "The Golden Day," "Herman Melville" and other books.

ALLEN TATE, poet and critic, is the author of "Mr. Pope and Other Poems," and of two biographies, "Stonewall Jackson: The Good Soldier" and "Jefferson Davis: His Rise and Fall."

PADRAIC COLUM, the Irish poet and prose writer, is the author of "Wild Earth," "Dramatic Legends," "Creatures" and other books.

CHARLES W. WOOD is the author of "The Passing of Normalcy," "The Myth of the Individual" and other books.

ALLAN NEVINS, professor of History at Columbia University, is on the editorial staff of The New York World and is general editor of a new biographical series, "American Political Leaders," published by Dodd, Mead and Company.

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